

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

ILLUSTRATED.

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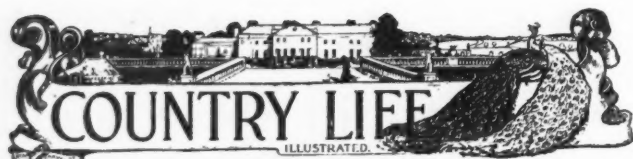
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Photo. ALICE HUGHES,

LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

52, Gower Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be given as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

Old English Furniture.

IT is always very satisfactory to us if we can fancy ourselves only a little better than our fathers. In the beginning of the present century the houses that our forefathers lived in were decorated and furnished in a style that it is pleasant to think would reduce the person of average taste of to-day to profanity and despair. No doubt they had their merits, these forefathers—one of their most striking merits was that they had such a posterity as ourselves—but their merits were not æsthetic. They were a utilitarian people, devoid of taste.

There are still many that are like them, but though this is true, it is no less true that these are they who have been left behind in a backwater by the general improvement in the taste of educated Britons. Taste, in every detail of the house and its furniture, is very much more common than when the old century was young. This being the case, it is not a little singular that we have to go back to the middle of the eighteenth century—to the days of Chippendale and Sheraton—to find models of English-made furniture that we can approve without reserve, and are forced to admire without the power of rivalling. Imitated it may be, and is, but for all the widespread appreciation of beautiful things to-day, we seek in vain for someone who shall plan furniture of equal beauty and, to use Mr. Ruskin's phraseology, "truth." And yet this beautiful and "truthful" furniture, made in the eighteenth century, was lying here, there, and everywhere throughout the land, all through the tasteless era in which our present century was born. The chairs and tables were there, as beautiful as they are to-day, waiting only for someone to appreciate them. The time of their appreciation has at length fully come. Never before, since they were created, have the works of the old English designers and carvers fetched the prices that they command to-day. It is true, of course, that there is more money in the land, that the rate of interest is lower, and that a man who gives a hundred pounds, say, for a table to-day, when the interest on "gilt-edged" securities is three per cent., is virtually only paying three-fifths of the price that a man would

have paid who gave the same sum at a time when the same class of securities yielded interest at five per cent. All this has to be taken into the account; but after giving it its fullest consideration, the fact still remains that the prices have gone up by leaps and bounds. It is a curious fact that the examples of the best of all these designers, in our humble opinion, Chippendale, seldom seem to appear in the catalogues of famous sales. It may be merely the result of accident, or may be because his correct and rather severe style did not appeal as strongly to the tastes of his contemporaries as that of some of the other designers of his age. There can be no doubt however of the appreciation that it has won to-day. In July of this year, 1898, there was a sale at Bradfield Hall, near Reading, at which the record price of 780 guineas was given, by a dealer, for two Chippendale chairs. They were very fine examples of his work, elbow chairs with boldly designed but very finely carved lions' heads terminating the elbow pieces, the lions' heads again repeated on the legs; and the backs, open work. That the dealer had not gone amiss in his calculation of their market value is proved by the fact that he sold them for £1,000 only a few days later. One does not find in recent sales of Chippendale, or other English furniture, any other prices at all approaching these, but we may cite such items as 230 guineas for two Chippendale mahogany cabinets, fine specimens, sold at Christie's in May, and a single mahogany cabinet, from the late Mr. John Hargeave's at Maiden Erleigh, sold by Messrs. Walton and Lee for £124. Eighteen guineas, fifteen and a-half, and ten guineas apiece for good specimens of not very remarkable, but of course genuine, Chippendale chairs may help to show the rate at which his work has been appreciated in recent sales.

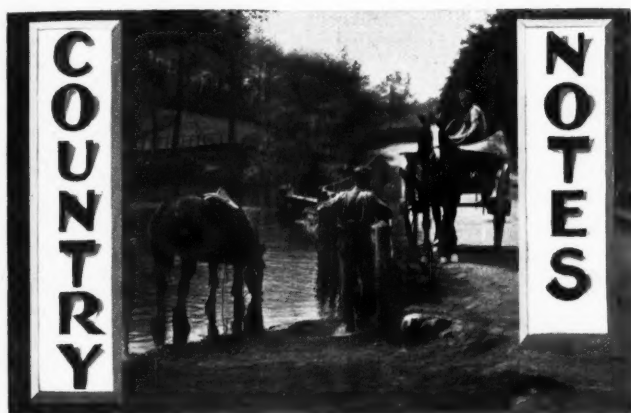
The only other style of English furniture that ever approaches Chippendale in value, and even then with some longish interval between them, is the Sheraton. Seventy guineas, at Christie's, for an elaborately inlaid table, is the highest price that we can find. At the Egmont sale a fine Sheraton cabinet went for 30 guineas, and two bedroom suites, at another sale, were knocked down at £40 and £62 respectively. Perhaps these quotations may suffice to show the very high appreciation of these two styles of furniture design, and also the very considerable difference of appreciation accorded to each.

Beside these great prices we may place the comparatively modest ones commanded by the best of the older school of English carved furniture. Six finely-carved Queen Anne state chairs, with two settees to match, went for 142 guineas, two large carved chairs of Charles II.'s time for 75 guineas, and two cabinets of the same period, in the Egmont sale, for 40 guineas. A walnut-wood armchair from Bilton Hall realised 21 guineas at Christie's, but perhaps this owed some increased value to the suspicion that it was the favourite seat of the great Addison. A highly-decorated English marqueterie cabinet, at the Longstone Hall sale, brought £53. These, no doubt, are useful prices, but they scarcely compare with the value of the Sheraton, still less of the Chippendale work.

No doubt this is as it should be—the prices ought not to compare—and no doubt, too, the genuine work of the old masters is growing scarcer and scarcer as the demand for it becomes constantly more eager. The agents of the London dealers attend all the big country sales, and the great majority of the prizes go their way. For all that there is a residuum—a remnant of good things, and prizes that the amateur, no less than the professional, can hope to pick up. Of the Chippendale, and also of the Sheraton, we believe that not much remains in obscure places, but of the fine and older English carving work there is much. Parts of England there are, and notably parts of Wales (for obvious reasons we do not care to localise them too exactly), where much fine furniture of this class is to be seen. A good deal of it no doubt is "hard held"—kept with a tight grip by the poor people who own it, and who feel a pride, in their poverty, in having a possession that rich folks want but cannot get from them. They glory in telling you how much has been offered, and how often, for "grandfather's chair" or "the old oak settee." The people that own them would as soon part with a limb as with one of these. But now and again things find their way into the market, into the country furniture dealers' stores, where the eye of appreciation may find them out. It is wonderful how guileless some of the country dealers are, and again it is wonderful how honest some of them, who are by no means guileless in the sense of ignorant, can be. More than one do we know who is fully content to make a fair profit on a piece of furniture, china, or whatever it may be, that he has picked up at a sale. He knows that he might perhaps get more for the thing if he chose to wait and haggle, but he makes it a principle of his business to take his profit and let the thing go. Through the knowledge of this principle his clientèle have been induced to come to him, and he knows that he would lose his clientèle if he were found to depart from it. It makes the goodwill of the business.

We need not, therefore, despair of chancing upon a treasure in any out-of-the-way corner. The London dealer has a long reach, but he is not ubiquitous. Very occasionally we may find the Chippendale or the Sheraton, much more often the older

carving work. We ought, could we but eliminate the human nature from us, to rejoice that the rarer and more beautiful work is appreciated until scarcely any of it remains, for it argues an increase in the love of the beautiful that we owe perhaps more to Mr. Ruskin and Mr. William Morris than to any other two men of our century. There is one feature of it all, however, which is less satisfactory, and that is the lamentable fact that all the fine furniture is the work of long dead and gone masters. Why can we not compete with them now? There is a beauty that only comes with age, no doubt, but it is not a beauty of design or workmanship. We have the wood, we have the tools—the latter of better quality probably—that the old craftsmen had; but our modern craftsmen do not produce the same designs or the same work. Why is it? Partly it is because of the haste of modern production. But this haste has lucre as its motive. The prices that we have quoted for the old master-pieces prove fully enough that the highest class of artistic work—work on which the artist's labour is a labour of love—commands its price. We do not say that all workers of our technical schools are capable of becoming Chippendales; but out of the mass of workers a Chippendale or two might surely emerge. It is the duty of the teachers of those schools to watch the talent and foster it to that good end.



NATURE was very kind to us in giving us so good a hay crop this year—on top, too, of a light winter in which we had used but little of last year's saving—for, judging by all appearances, and indeed by actual present exigencies, we are likely to need it badly. A short time ago, just after the hay harvest was gathered in, the cry of that Heaven-born grumbler, the British agriculturist, was "Oh, yes, it was a good hay year, but there was no money to be got for it." But now, by the look of things—especially by the look of what are rather sardonically to be termed "pastures"—hay will be wanted so badly that he that has enough will be ready to congratulate himself, and he that has more than enough will sell his surplus at good profit. Already we find the stock being supported chiefly on hay over a considerable area of the Southern Counties, and already there is a talk of the price of stock falling, and actually of a necessity for killing it off, because there is no feed. The fields have all the green burnt out of them, and if they carry any grass at all it is dry, withered, profitless stuff. All the produce of the dairy is poor in quantity and quality; but at length it would seem—none too soon—that rain is coming.

The worst feature of the present drought, taking it from the point of view of the water supply, is that its visitation commenced at a time when the springs and reservoirs were already far below their normal level. The consequence is that we have fallen further behind, perhaps, than we ever have been within the memory of living man, and before we can begin to refill our springs for next summer we have to regain all the ground—or water—that we have lost. It is seldom we pray for a snowy winter, but it is badly wanted this year.

The long-expected bloodhound trials came off on Ben Trigg Moor, some fifteen miles away from Scarborough, on Tuesday. In our next issue we shall publish an illustrated article in which an attempt will be made not only to give some idea of the successive scenes which presented themselves, but also to form an estimate of the value of the bloodhound as a man-hunter. For the present, however, we may content ourselves with a very few observations. Scent was, according to any theory known to us, as bad as it could be. In fact, there was no earthly reason why there should be any foot scent at all, for the moorland was as dry as a chip, there was no moisture in the air, and there was no wind. None the less, some of the hounds, notably Mrs. Oliphant's Chatley Regent, when hunting free, did exceedingly well. Perhaps, however, the prettiest performance of the whole was that of Mr. John Kidd's

Kickshaw, by Champion Bono out of Baretta, albeit he got but the third prize for hounds running out of leash. Kickshaw overran the scent. Other hounds who erred likewise had run heel and gone home. Not so Kickshaw, a clever bitch who cast aside and then forward and finally found the scent again. But of course the hounds, Chatley Regent and Hubert II., which had clung to the scent all through, were not to be knocked out because a clever bitch had cured a mistake.

Very disappointing, almost tragical, indeed, was the accident which befel Mr. Edgar Farman, the indefatigable secretary of the Bloodhound Breeders' Association, at the opening of the proceedings. He has paid infinite attention to organisation, he has devoted many weeks of his life to organising these trials, yet he had the misfortune to have his leg broken by a kick of a horse on the ground just before the trials commenced. The greatest sympathy was expressed for him on all hands, and it was felt that a more extreme case of intolerably bad luck could not have occurred.

It is always unfortunate when a big moon coincides, as it coincides this year with the legal date for beginning pheasant shooting. It always means that watching all night long is a necessity if the birds are to be protected from the night-poacher; and even then the moon is the poachers' best friend. This is a year, too, when the young pheasants are remarkably forward. For a fortnight before shooting began—in the Southern Counties at least—it was difficult to distinguish the young hen birds from the old ones. All this means that the birds are strong and active and liable to wander far unless they are daily driven in. For both these reasons the watching work has been harder than usual this season. It is singular how little difference men often make between their "tips" for pheasant and partridge shooting, forgetting apparently that it is Nature and the goodwill of the agricultural folk that are mainly responsible for a plentiful stock of partridges, while the pheasants at every moment of their existence, from the egg till they are brought to the gun, are objects of the keeper's anxious care.

Further experience of the partridges only confirms the idea that the first days of the shooting established—that the birds are not at all up to last year's, or to an average year's, mark. Generally the bags have been small, with a very large proportion of old birds, and most of the young ones have been very small and immature. Exceptionally there have been a few well-grown young birds, that are, without doubt, the occasional survivors of the first hatch out. The great majority of that first hatch perished, and the loss had only been made up, if at all, very late.

A good many very young and late leverets are a feature in some parts of the country, so young that one is almost ashamed to fire at them, for they are no bigger than rabbits. And yet there is no better thing to do with them than to kill them straight away and cook them. No creature that runs is better eating than these young leverets; and there is no cruelty—in fact, likely enough, the truest mercy—in shooting them, for it is generally considered these late leverets are most unlikely to grow into hares; the winter, it is said, is almost inevitably fatal to them, and death by the straightly held gun is quicker and more merciful than the methods of Nature.

Another feature of the year is the great number of landrails that have been about. We never remember to have seen so many. The landrail is a bothering bird to shoot—flying so slowly that one seems apt to shoot ahead of him. It is as if he flew too slowly to "fly against the shot." But why should he be so numerous this year? It has been a good hay year, that is to say, a year that has given him wonderfully good covert; but the covert necessary for a landrail's comfort is no great matter. Neither can one see how the weather, exceptional as it has been, has favoured him exceptionally. Some folks have a theory that landrails in big numbers come over in periods of so many years, like clouded yellow butterflies; but even if we admit the theory to be true, it does not suggest its reason. This too, it appears, we must put down in that extensive catalogue of "things that no fellow can understand." But the landrail, however, is an uncommonly good bird on table.

There has been very little doing in the way of trout-fishing in the later months of a season which, in spite of that, and also in spite of a practical failure of the May-fly brood, has been on the whole quite a good one. The rivers in September have been too low. The autumn salmon-fishing, on the other hand, has not come to the point at which one can pass any verdict on it. The chief items of interest to fishermen of late have been the publication of "John Bickerdyke's" book on sea-fishing, a sport that attracts more and more as more and more find out how much real sport and finesse it contains; the discussion about the Blackwater River, in which those who argue on the one side would seem to have us think that the more the Duke

of Devonshire nets the mouth of the river the better the chances of fishing for anglers higher up, while those of the other party would seem to look upon the netting as constituting an impervious wall against the passing up of the fish; and, finally, a series of letters in the *Field* on the manner in which salmon and sea trout respectively bite.

One would have thought that on such a point there could scarcely be any discussion at this time of day, but discussion there is galore. One man writes to say that the sea trout suck at the fly in a tentative sort of way that makes them specially liable to escape the hook, while the salmon comes with a more purposeful grip, and gets gripped himself more constantly. On the other hand, there are those that write saying that their experience is just the converse of this. Our own experience, which always appears of more value to ourselves than anybody else, is that of those who take the former view. We have found the sea trout very shy biters, and therefore have a fondness, in sea-trout fishing, for the double hook, and even for that elongated form of it which is specially recommended for *salmo iritans*. For all that, it is not to be supposed that any of the presumably well-informed persons who take the trouble to write the letters are making gross mistakes on so simple a matter. It is evident that some have found salmon biting more shyly, and others sea trout, and since the anglers would have made allowances for the probably different moods of fish at different times, the only inference left to us is that in some rivers salmon bite more confidently than sea trout, while in other rivers the converse is the case. We hope, therefore, that if, or when, the discussion is finished the *Field* will make a brief summary of the evidence and show us whether this view—that it is difference in the habits of the two fishes in different rivers that has caused the difference in their captors' opinion about them—has any basis.

The opening of the coursing season, so far as English followers of the sport are concerned, has been delayed in consequence of the long-continued drought. Owners and trainers have, indeed, been in the same predicament as huntsmen, for neither cub-hunting nor coursing has been possible in most parts of the country during the last few weeks. In the South, the Stock Exchange, Rochford Hundred, and a new meeting—the only one in the county, by the way—at Newhaven, have all been postponed; in fact, the management of the Everleigh gathering a fortnight ago would have been well advised had they cancelled all arrangements entered into with Mr. Alexander, the shooting tenant of the estate. On the downs there, where, by the way, Manifesto was trained for the Grand National, the going was better than most people expected would be the case, but it was by no means satisfactory, and but few owners cared to run the risk of sending their dogs. Consequently the meeting, which last year was one of the best of the earlier ones in the calendar, and promised well for the restoration of Everleigh to its old-time position, was all but a failure, there being barely sufficient nominations taken up to make even a one-day programme.

Last week's rain, however, came just at the right time, and the English season proper has every appearance of having a successful inauguration. The Produce Stakes, always a big feature of the meetings of the Ridgway Club, closed with an aggregate entry of over 300, although mortality among puppies in most of the big kennels sadly depleted the list of acceptors. Many owners are, of course, keeping their teams in reserve for the Hornby Meeting over the Yorkshire estate of the Duke of Leeds a fortnight hence. Here again an enormous entry has been received for the Produce events, whilst all the open stakes were filled by Mr. Snowdon several weeks ago. It is a fact, indeed, that the efforts made by the Duke of Leeds to resuscitate coursing in his native county have been most loyally supported by both Northern and Southern sportsmen, and, as the Hornby kennels are now completed, and their owner's string of greyhounds safely installed therein, His Grace intends making a big effort to improve on his last season's record, when, it may be remembered, he ran up for the Waterloo Cup with the game son of Boss o' the Shanty, Lang Syne. Sir Reginald Graham also has started a kennel, and hopes to secure a Waterloo nomination. He has entered a team for Hornby, the invaluable services of Mr. Tom Graham having been secured as trainer.

The *Times* gives an interesting account of the survival of a bird supposed to be extinct, but of which one or two specimens have been found in recent days. This is a gigantic relation of a New Zealand rail called the purple gallinule, which is now being imported into this country. The bones of this big rail were found with those of the moa; but three have been caught since the discovery of the island, the last having been killed by a rabbit in an out-of-the-way swamp near Lake Te Anau in 1879. The specimen now reported as captured is said to be in the possession of Dr. Young, of Invercargill. The interest of this event lies in the inference that, if it still survives, the moa probably survived

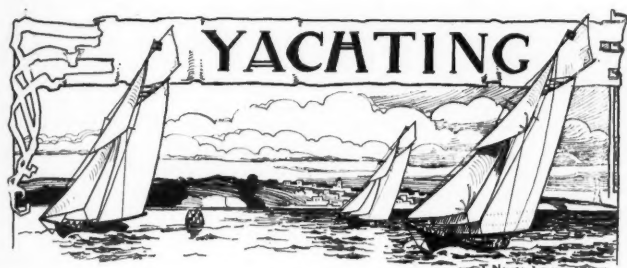
also till a very recent date. There is, in the British Museum, a New Zealand chief's club, adorned with feathers, which was brought here by Captain Cook; and these feathers are almost certainly those of a moa, and evidence of its recent existence.

Punctually on the day of the election of the new Lord Mayor, one of the largest consignments of turtles ever shipped arrived in London. They were delivered in the City in large open railway-vans, in which the turtles were set up on end in pairs, like plates on a rack. Their heads and fore flippers were free, and moved slowly to and fro as they surveyed the crowd, and the crowd surveyed them. City men, little boys, porters, waiters, and policemen gathered round, and gazed, not without a touch of envy, on the removal of the turtles as they were carried on the backs of the serving-men of an ancient City establishment to the tanks in which they wait their turn to be made into soup. These were all "green turtles," from the East Atlantic, though this prized breed of turtle is also found in the Western Pacific. But the islands off the coasts of Florida, the Dry Tortugas, and others not far from Key West, lately the rendezvous of the American fleet, are the headquarters of the turtles. This, however, is only in the breeding time. But they are found swimming far out at sea during the greater part of their lives, living on cuttle-fish and other jelly-like creatures.

It is high time that the attention of the breeders of high-class harness horses was seriously directed to the important question of colour, for the preponderance of chestnuts is beginning to have a serious and very prejudicial influence on the English market. The fact remains, too, that at present a very large number of the highest-priced harness animals are bred abroad, these being in many instances purchased by English dealers in Hungary, where the Government provide Hackney stallions for the use of horse-breeders, upon the condition that they, the Government, may claim at a fixed price all the young stock they want. As it happens, horses exceeding 15h. 2in. are not required for military purposes there, and so the taller animals become the property of English buyers, and, being for the most part half-bred Hackneys of good sound harness colours, command high prices in this country. This circumstance is, of course, in a measure due to the fact that they are somewhat taller than the Hackney usually is to be found; but it may be observed that the latter horse is steadily increasing in stature, so that his height is not likely to place him at a serious disadvantage. On the other hand, the largely-increased number of chestnut Hackneys, many of which are disfigured by much white upon their faces and high up upon their legs, is beyond all doubt opposed to the best interests of the breed, as many owners of horses dislike even whole-coloured chestnuts, whilst the impossibility of matching a horse that is heavily marked with white provides a very strong argument against the encouragement of the broken-coloured animals, which now, unfortunately for the Hackney, occupy high places of honour at so many shows.

The very satisfactory prices realised within the last few days by the consignment of American thorough-breds which reached these shores quite recently, added to the fact that the championship at the Crystal Palace Show fell to an animal which had been bred on the other side of the Atlantic, quite justifies the belief that the already large horse trade that exists between the two countries is likely to increase. At the same time, the differences in the views of English and American judges regarding the qualifications of harness horses render it probable that for some time to come, unless the exporters on both sides realise that such differences do exist, a considerable number of unsuitable animals will be sent from this country to the States and *vice versa*. A peculiarity in the methods of American exhibitors is also likely to intensify this possibility, and it is by no means uncommon in the United States for the attendants upon a show horse to drench him with a stiff dose of whisky just before he enters the show-ring, this being a practice which is scarcely likely to commend itself to English judges. In America, too, there is a tendency to patch up an unsound horse temporarily by means of a "dope," which is the recognised name by which sedatives for the prevention of whistling or the steadying of vicious horses are known. The dope used for the latter usually takes the form of chloral; whilst in the case of infirm animals the affected joints have ether sprays applied and various pain-killers injected underneath the skin. Of course it is not all or even the majority of American show horses that have to be submitted to the action of dopes; but the fact that some are so patched up for the time being should make purchasers at a distance doubly cautious in insisting upon satisfactory certificates of soundness being supplied before the deal is completed.

We regret an error of inadvertence in describing our frontispiece of last week. Lady Flora Maria Douglas Hamilton, who was married last week to Major Poore, is the sister of the present Duke of Hamilton, and since 1896 has held the rank of a Duke's daughter, but the present Duke was cousin to his predecessor in title.



CHANNEL CRUISING.

IF you procure an ordinary map of the South Coast of England and count the harbours that exist between the South Foreland and Land's End, you will be surprised at the number that come under observation. In fact, the yachtsman of little experience would be apt to exclaim, "Cruising on the South Coast must be most enjoyable, for if it comes on to blow there is always a harbour close at hand." A glance at the chart, however, will reveal a very different state of affairs, for it will be then observed that many of these harbours almost dry out at low water, and are consequently rendered useless as havens of refuge for several hours during the day for vessels of moderate draught of water. Let us therefore begin at the South Foreland and note the facilities offered to yachts at the various ports to the Southward. After rounding the Foreland, the first harbour to attract attention is Dover; here is an example of a harbour that can only be entered by yachts at certain times of tide. The

port consists of a partly sheltered outer harbour, the protection afforded being that of the Admiralty Pier, on the south-west side, while some new works are being constructed on the north-east side, other improvements being in course of execution. This outer portion of the harbour cannot be used when the wind is blowing strongly towards the land, for a nasty sea is then produced, but in fine weather it affords a useful anchorage for yachts that are waiting for the tide to take them into the inner docks. At low tide there is about 3ft. of water on the bar of the harbour proper, and the entrance is narrow and somewhat difficult to pick out. Once inside, if the yachtsman wishes to remain comfortably afloat, he must seek shelter in the Granville Dock. These docks are a kind of necessary evil, for without them a yacht must ground at every tide; yet once entered, they can be left only at about high water, as the gates are opened at no other time.

After Dover, a course must be shaped for Newhaven, since there are no good harbours between the two places. Folkestone is little used by yachts, and all the disadvantages of a tidal harbour are present there, while Rye is looked upon by skippers of even small yachts as a place not to be approached except in cases of the direst extremity, for the channel is difficult and can only be attempted at or about high tide. By the by, a new harbour is being constructed at Hastings, but when the writer passed a month or two since it was difficult to see signs of rapid advance in the work. At Newhaven there is a really excellent harbour, almost if not quite the only one between the Thames and the Isle of Wight that can be entered at all times of tide by yachts

of even moderate draught. The channel is dredged to allow the steamboats running to Dieppe to enter practically at any time. There is no inner dock at Newhaven, and yachts generally moor in tiers along the west side of the port, the other side being reserved for the cross-Channel steamers. Vessels of 7ft. draught and upwards will probably ground at low water unless an outside berth is secured. After Newhaven, no good harbour will be found until the Isle of Wight is abreast.

There are three rivers in Sussex of moderate length—the Ouse, Adur, and Arun—and at the mouth of each one of them will be found a harbour. At the entrance of the first-named is Newhaven, while Shoreham is at the mouth of the Adur. Shoreham is a somewhat curious harbour, for there are two branches to it at right angles to the entrance. The one on the starboard hand leads up to a canal where vessels can remain afloat when once the lock-gate has been passed, while the one on the port hand is the main river, and on it is situated the town of Shoreham. This branch very nearly dries out at low water spring tides, while at times a great part of the harbour entrance is almost uncovered. Littlehampton, at the mouth of the Arun, has a harbour similar in shape to Newhaven, but with very much less depth, for on the bar there is only a foot or two of water at low tide. Consequently, with such unsatisfactory ports as Shoreham and Littlehampton, the careful yachtsman will, after leaving Newhaven, not tarry on his way, but will proceed to the Solent with all despatch.

When once the Isle of Wight is on the starboard hand, let it blow as hard as it will, the ship is in comparatively smooth water, and the skipper has a choice of harbours before him. Portsmouth, Cowes, Southampton, and Lymington are

all within easy reach, while several other minor havens of refuge are accessible, such as the Hamble and Beaulieu rivers, and there are innumerable smaller creeks for boats of shallow draught. Southampton is recognised as the pick of the basket for yachtsmen, for there is more room there than there is at Portsmouth, and it is more sheltered than Cowes. Moreover, there is every facility at Southampton for the numerous needs of the yachtsman, while some of



West and Son,

ASTRILD AND GLORIA.

Southsea.

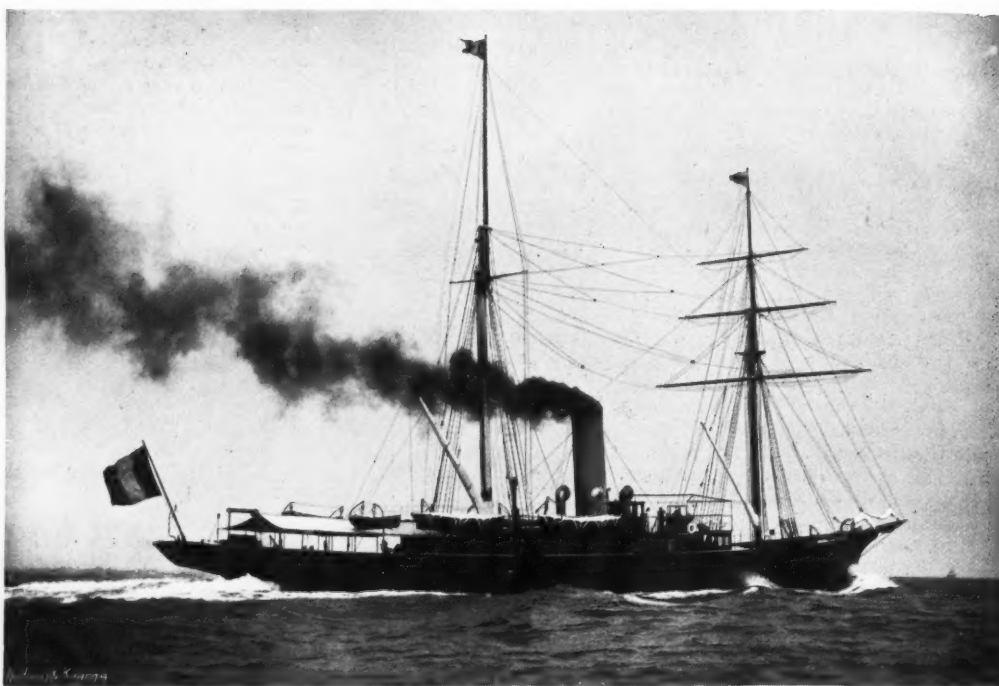
the other places we have mentioned are very much out of the way.

When the yachtsman finds himself outside the Solent channel and bound to the Westward, he usually steers a direct course for Weymouth, as Poole Harbour takes him out of his way, and it is not a very easy place for him to find his way into, especially at night. When Weymouth is reached, shelter is easily obtainable for the biggest yacht, for if Weymouth itself cannot be entered, the Harbour of Refuge at Portland is always available. When Portland Bill is rounded there is again a long stretch of coast without even a moderately good harbour, for both Bridport and Lyme Regis are wretched. Dartmouth or Torquay are the best places to steer for, and the sooner the yacht makes the one or the other the better, for the West Bay is an awkward place to be caught napping in. Once beyond Portland the Rubicon is passed, for the Race is astern, and the prevailing south-westerly winds, when they blow with any force, soon knock up a very nasty sea there. Off-shore winds, again, are apt to be very fickle in the bay, and to get becalmed for any length of time halfway between Weymouth and Dartmouth is no enviable experience. When once Dartmouth is safely

reached, there is nothing more to fear, for there are plenty of good harbours at convenient distances right away down to Land's End.

There is one piece of advice which must be impressed upon the yachtsman who intends for the first time making a trip along the South Coast. "See that the charts and books of sailing directions are thoroughly up-to-date, and be sure to have at least one man on board who has done the journey before."

Our illustrations this week include portraits of Astrild, Gloria, and Eros. The first-named is a 65-footer, and was built this year by Messrs. A. and J. Inglis, of Glasgow, for a member of the same firm, Mr. P. M. Inglis, who last season raced the celebrated old 40-rater Carina. *ASTRILD* was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, who has obtained such a world-wide reputation with such celebrated yachts as Bona, Meteor, Britannia, and Valkyrie II. and III. *GLORIA* is the property of Mr. T. Harrison Lambert, and was built this year by Messrs. Summers and Payne, of Southampton, for the express purpose of winning the Coupe de France at the late Mediterranean regattas. This she succeeded in doing; but, owing to her being built under the French rating rule, she has not proved very successful in British waters.



West and Son.

EROS.

Southsea.

EROS, which is depicted steaming at full speed, belongs to Baron A. de Rothschild, and is a fine specimen of a British-built steam yacht. She was constructed at Erith in 1885 by Messrs. Shuttleworth and Chapman, from designs furnished by Mr. A. H. Brown. Her engines are, however, by Messrs. Day, Summers, and Co., of Northam, Southampton. SEAMEW.

THE RIVER IN WINTER.

AFTER it has become evident that one will not be wanted to row for one's college in the Torpids—or when, perhaps, one has decided for oneself that the ambition to do so is but vanity—it is easy to become reconciled to one's proper place on the upper river. In summer term, of course, the thing is utterly delightful. For a solitary sixpence (or for half-a-guinea a term) you get a dingey which you cannot upset, and in which, thanks to the sliding seat, you can make sufficient progress with very little exertion. You can easily make sure of a good one, for that rests with the attendants at Bossum's and at Beasley's, and they are ready to become your friends on something less than the usual terms. You cut your midday lecture, get into a costume that would be counted light, in these days of construction, even in the South Sea Islands, and then, in a little while, you are lunching at Godstow in an harbour, while impudent chaffinches clamour for such crumbs as you can spare. If you be lazy, you simply go up the backwater by the paper-mill and trample the grass, in meadows full of kingcups, quaker-grass, and pale pink orchids. Or perhaps it rains a little, and if you are lucky you have ever afterwards a memory of how your boat crushed the comfrey and the bloom of the blueberry, as you took refuge under a big hawthorn all in bloom.

"And while we lingered where the May
Dipped to the waters clear,
Life seemed a song to fit the song
Sung by the battling weir."

But it is more likely you are alone and bent on exercise, a thing that is more essential in Oxford than anywhere else. You descend from the Trent to Godstow Lock, and then go on towards Eynsham and Batlockhithe, with dragon-flies playing among the sedges, and cuckoos beyond number calling from the hills upon your left. You probably do not get to Batlockhithe, the meadows are too tempting; but how should a man set forth on a journey to a place so beautifully named without feeling assured that pleasure lay before him? There is no place more delightful than the upper river in the flying weeks of the summer term.

With October comes a change, and yet the river is still delightful. You go on mainly for exercise, and after the first few weeks of the term there is no need to cut a lecture, or temptation to lunch in the open. And yet you are marvellously healthy, and that South Sea costume seems quite sufficient once you have done a little sculling. It may be that when you arrive at Godstow, and let the sculls go, your hands ache with the cold, or that the muscles of one forearm—grown unaccustomed to the exercise during the Long—have gathered into a painful bunch just above the wrist. But that gives over in a little while, and you get into the habit of leg-work again, and, after a ten minutes' pause at Godstow, go on your way contentedly. This time you do get to Batlockhithe, or, at least, to Eynsham. The current is fairly strong, and you have to do a deal of steering with one or other of the sculls as you traverse the winding reaches, but the return, you know, will be delightful beyond all words. You will come down swiftly, aided by the current, and as to steering, there will be little necessary beyond the mere wish to take a certain course. The boat will move through the water like a living thing, and the merest touch will make her move in the direction you desire. You will forget your skill in feathering, and let the sculls lie flat upon the surface of the water as you come forward, simply that you may hear the pleasant sound they make as you bend for another stroke. And you will be gloriously well and warm.

So you struggle on against the current, and pause, perhaps, to watch the water-rat which steals along the banks of a little island and captures a sedge, upon whose still juicy stem it makes a delicious meal; or you lie quiet with sculls upon the water and spy upon the tiny birds which make the last leaves drop from the willows, and, if you manage to alarm them, fall themselves with the outward curve of a falling leaf, and then, recovering themselves at the last moment, are off across the leaden surface to regions untroubled by the presence of man. Then you get to Eynsham and walk up into the village, and again drink beer with the enjoyment that is only possible when one is within a little distance either way of twenty, and has not yet lost the habit of taking intent exercise. When you return to the river-side, the bare pollarded willows are blurs of dull red against the growing gloom, and the first strokes you take cause an agitation among the ghostly mists which hover above the river. It is high time you should get home and make ready for the dinner that awaits you. You do the journey in no time at all, and all the time you have an altogether unmerited feeling of pride in the speed with which your craft is moving. The Port Meadow is dark, and may be sloppy, but you cross it in such spirits that not even the consciousness of impending Smalls can make you anything but wildly glad to be alive.

Of course there are times when the upper river is not quite so delightful. Everyone must begin to learn at some time or another, and the ways of the average beginner in a boat are of themselves sufficient to demonstrate the truth of the doctrine of original sin. Of such beginners there are usually some hundreds on the upper river at the commencement of October term, and they do undoubtedly take from the joys of boating. Every day some daring person who would hardly be safe in a punt—or a barge, for that matter—charts a whiff and finds himself capsized before he has got beyond the last of the barges. Others go in for centre-boards, and the only comfort you can get over them is that they mostly run ashore and have to pay something considerable in order to be got off again. Even in a dingey—which ought to be safer than a four-wheeler—the beginner is capable of effecting considerable damage. He goes from one side of the stream to the other, and if you are coming down in the back of a good current and plugging hard so that you may get up a circulation, you are exposed to a good deal of danger if you look over your shoulder, see him, and give him credit for anything like common-sense. You go on sculling at top speed, and in a few seconds you find that he has crossed to the middle of the stream, and somehow managed to get straight across your bows. He is too near and nervous to give you any warning. He sees you coming, and waits. There is a sudden crash, and you find yourself off your sliding seat and lying on your back. Upper river boats are pretty substantial, and you have not the satisfaction of feeling that you have done him any damage. You are lucky under these circumstances if you have sufficient power over your tongue to speak after the manner of one to whom this happened in midmost career—just off the willows. "If you can't steer, sir," he said, as he regained his seat, "you might at least shout."

There was one man years ago who was always to be found in a canoe around an awkward corner fast asleep. I met him in the Strand the other day, and he was still the same. We passed without a greeting, for he did not know how often I had cursed at him, or how often I had saved his life when it would have been pleasant to continue my course and leave him to the fate for which he used to lay himself out. But I looked at him quite kindly. He never knew the fun of coming down at top speed on the top of a current which had caused

you infinite labour in the ascent. He probably has no recollection of a day when one had to start on one's river trip from Walton Bridge, on the hither side of the Port Meadow, when the water was 2ft. or 3ft. above the ordinary level; when, being at Godstow after dark, one was expelled as a would-be suicide; and when one got lost on the Port Meadow, and could not find the rafts until one had been traversing 2ft. of water, or less, for very little under an hour. But he had known and loved the upper river, and for that one was prepared to forgive him all his ancient offences. KINGSTON RHODES.

HUNTING GOSSIP.



H. M. Lomas. THE TUFTERS WAITING.

Copyright.

THE fortunes of the Quorn Hunt must always be of interest to hunting men. Not only does the Quorn occupy the first place among our fox-hunting countries, but the pack have been steadily rising in estimation among hound-breeders. The puppy show this year was a great success. No less than sixteen and a-half couple faced the judges, a large number in a year which has been a bad one for the rearing of puppies. The condition of the young hounds spoke well for the walks, while in shape and quality they bore testimony to the judgment exercised in breeding. Standing on good legs and feet, with excellent shoulders, the puppies were for the most part full of quality, and had that look of speed and dash which is a characteristic of the pack. Captain Burns-Hartopp spoke confidently of the stock of foxes in the country, and of the absence of wire, and he touched the right chord when he said that he had taken the Mastership because he loved hunting. It is of good omen for the coming season that Tom Firr is quite restored to health. With an enthusiastic Master of local position, with the best huntsman in England, and the best country for two days a week in the world, the Quorn has a bright prospect. All those who have hunted with the Quorn will be glad to hear that Fred Earp has got a place with Mr. Fernie as first whipper-in. He was presented with a clock and £178 on leaving the Quorn. Everyone who has hunted with him will be glad that he has not left Leicestershire.

The Cottesmore pack, looking well, have been out in their woodlands, and have found plenty of well-grown culs and viewed some good old foxes of the Cottesmore stamp.

On Monday, the 26th of September, the Devon and Somerset had a great day, albeit sadly marred by accidents to man and beast, in the Exe Valley. A grand stag, "three atop both sides and all his rights," had been sent up the Red Cleave by the tufters, and he had led the hounds a merry dance over the moorland before he took to the water, and our artist took a snap-shot at him, between Bridgtown and Staghead. He was brought to bay at last in Kent's Weir. But there was a heavy price to pay for the day's sport, for Captain Phillips broke his leg, and the gallant stag sent one staunch hound to try those hunting grounds which may or may not be happier than those of Exmoor, and another hound was seriously wounded.

HUNTING A-WHEEL.

THIS article is not written from the point of view of the cyclist so much as of the hunting man who desires to offer some hints on the subject of hunting a-wheel. Last season a very large number of cyclists went to the meets of hounds, and a good many tried to follow the sport, with, I imagine, from what came under my notice, very indifferent success. Nor are the wheel men and women with hounds looked on very favourably by their more fortunate brothers and sisters who ride. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that the cyclist is often in the way, heads foxes, and blocks up gateways. To begin with, the times which are best for the wheel, the dry, warm days, are bad for scent, and when scent is bad foxes run in a dodging, twisting manner, which is apt to make the tempers of the huntsman and his followers irritable. But I would point out that cyclists have to be reckoned with, inasmuch as from the nature of things they must keep to the roads, where they have as much right as anybody else, and no doubt they will continue to come out in considerable numbers. At one meet of staghounds I attended last year there were more

cycles than horses. It is, therefore, no use grumbling at the influx of wheeling folk out hunting, nor do I think that the persistent road rider who is most troubled by cyclists has any special claim on our sympathy. The man who rides fairly straight to hounds, or even those who follow the line by gate or gap, will not be affected by the cyclist unless he or she heads the fox. Sympathising then with the men or women who work hard to see sport in the only way within their means, I offer the following suggestions, which will, I hope, not only help cyclists to see sport, but also prevent them from doing mischief. In the first place, then, if you would hunt a-wheel, you should get a good hunting map and study it carefully, noting the position of the principal coverts and their relative situations. You should then see how the roads lie, and particularly note those which run at right angles to the direct line from one covert to another. In the next place it will be well to run out to the coverts, and if you are quite strange to the country, ride over the roads, so that you may have no need to hesitate. On your way to the meeting-place be particularly careful in passing young horses or those led by a groom. Give notice of your approach by ringing your bell gently while still at some distance off, and ride past quietly and steadily; do not rush by ringing your bell, or if you see the horses are restive, get off and walk by. Always go straight to the meet, never to the covert you think, with or without good reason, hounds are likely to draw. A fox is a wild and timid animal, and the ringing of bells, the chatter of voices and laughter, and the odour of tobacco while you await hounds may not improbably give him a hint to depart quietly, and lead to a blank draw. When hounds move off let the horses go first. This is safer for you, and you may recollect that you can always get on faster than they on the road. Keep to the road, for whatever you are likely to see you will see from there, and as far as possible keep on high ground. It is always probable that a fox will go away to the nearest covert, and it is likely that if there be two he will run down wind, but this is not certain. The chances, of course, are that he will go away over a line quite impracticable for wheels, and then you may as well go home; though if you know the country well, and something of the run of the foxes, a cast forward may enable you to pick up hounds again. If you think you know something, and the roads favour you, be all ears and eyes, for it is quite possible that you may reach a given point before either fox or hounds, and may head the former. As a rule you should not see the fox, or try to do so, for if you do it is more than like'y that you are where you ought not to be. If you find yourself riding along a practicable path with the hounds running parallel to you, and such will be red-letter days, few and far between, always keep as it were a little behind the hounds. See which way they incline, and be quick to turn off in any direction on the roads which leads you in the right direction. In order to hunt well on a cycle you must have a considerable eye for country, and, in fact, be able to keep a sort of road map in your head. A pair of good field-glasses will be a great help, as a single figure galloping on the sky-line of a neighbouring hill may give you an idea of the direction of the chase, and enable you to see more of the run.



H. M. Lomas.

ALMOST AT BAY.

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An open country, not too hilly, is the best, for it is hard for a mounted man to keep touch of hounds in woodlands, and impossible to a cyclist. If your lot lies in a woodland country, however, it is better to wait in one place which commands a view of that side of the covert from which you think it most likely the fox will break. Keep out of sight—close to a fence, behind a tree—for it is at such times you are most likely to head the fox. You need do no mischief if you will only exercise a little common-sense and avoid such obvious indiscretions as standing right out in the middle of a field at some distance from the boundary fence of a covert. I do not say that you will never see horsemen do such things, but that is not any excuse for you; it is unsportsmanlike, whoever does it. While hounds are drawing covert, silence is most desirable, and it is better not to smoke. If hounds go away on the opposite side to that on which you are stationed, try and note the direction with your ear, and see which way the road riders go, and make for the nearest point. Do not break the rough fences, leave gates open, and rush heedlessly along. Ride at a steady pace, keep your eyes open, and be sure when you turn down a side road that you have some idea where it will bring you out. Always ring your bell some distance from a horse when coming up behind. By attention to these few simple rules you will probably see some sport, for the cycle is a good hack, though a poor hunter, and you will be as little of a hindrance as possible to the sport of others. If you mean to hunt regularly on wheels with a pack, you ought certainly to send

a donation to the damage fund of the hunt, which should err on the side of generosity, in relation to your means, rather than the reverse. If you do this, and are careful, I think you will find that everyone, from the Master downwards, will be willing to show you all the sport they can. If, however, there be a pack of harriers in your neighbourhood, you will see more sport and do less harm with them than with foxhounds; and I should think that staghounds would give you in the long run even more to see, and with them you can do little harm. What I have written above with reference to subscriptions applies, however, equally to all forms of hunting alike. If you are young, active, and in good condition, and are lucky enough to have a good pack of beagles in your neighbourhood, you will get more real hunting, perhaps, by running with them, and using the licycle as a covert hack only, and equipping yourself with the stout stick and boots which Mr. Jorrocks declared to be the best outfit for a pad hunter.

D.



TO men and women who are keenly interested in *la haute politique*, either as statesmen or journalists—the connection between the two classes is apt to be closer than the world imagines—the publication of the “Life and Letters of Henry Reeve” (Longmans) is an event of extraordinary interest. To Society at large, Reeve was probably best known as the editor of the “Greville Memoirs,” a publication without a rival for perennial interest, and not to be surpassed for the amount of angry feeling which it stirred up, mainly because of the unsparing personal revelations contained in it. He was also, of course, well known as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. It is the fashion of the ignorant in these days to decry the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, to speak of them as relics of a literary age that has passed away, to declare that they have entirely lost their influence. But talk of that kind, mostly to be found in ephemeral publications, which to-day are and to-morrow are used to kindle the fire, is really very shallow. Your *Quarterly* or your *Edinburgh* may not be addressed to the million, but the constituency which they reach is both powerful and thoughtful. Their influence reacts in time upon the daily papers, and the long series of the familiar volumes are a very useful part of the library of every sound student of politics and literature.

The *Edinburgh* was fortunate to have Reeve for its editor. But the great journalist's best and most fruitful work was done in the capacity of leader-writer for the *Times* newspaper. For that position his intimate relations with the most prominent politicians of his time fitted him no less than his brilliant ability as a writer, and the “Life” contains much interesting detail concerning the great men with whom he met, and the great editors, Barnes and Delane, under whom he served. Foreign politics were his special subject, and he had a tolerably free hand in dealing with them. For many years his influence was deeply felt at home and abroad, yet all his articles were anonymous, and to the end he held the sound belief that anonymity in criticism is the best safeguard of independence and of honesty. He knew everybody. Thackeray, the Sterlings, the Grotes, Hayward, the Roebucks, Carlyle, Tocqueville, Liszt, Macaulay, Delane, John Walter, Greville, Lyndhurst, Louis Napoleon, Landor, Bulwer, Sydney Smith, Guizot, Tennyson—these are but a selection from the great ones who occur in these pages.

Only a week or two ago attention was directed to the pessimistic views of certain despondent critics, probably very young, who declare that action and literature, the power to do great deeds and the skill to describe them adequately, are divorced. It occurred to me at once that Lord Roberts's “Forty-one Years in India” was the living and embodied answer to this depreciatory estimate of our generation. The fact is that the present is far too prone to exaggerate the greatness of the past and to minimise the virtues of its own day. As a matter of fact, the man of average frame of to-day cannot do the harness of his ancestor, for he is too lusty. In like manner one must go back a long way into history to find the equal in writing and in fighting of Lord Roberts of Candahar. Ever since his book appeared it has been the most popular book of any substance in the United Kingdom and in America. And it will be even more widely distributed now, for the inexpensive edition issued by Messrs. Macmillan brings it within the reach of many thousands of persons. Moreover that edition is worthy of the book and thoroughly well equipped.

No doubt Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem, “The Truce of the Bear,” which appears in the current issue of *Literature*, will cause a profound sensation in Europe. There is no room for question with regard to the vast audiences that are attracted by his poems; there is not a particle of doubt that to him belongs that great power which lies with him who has the skill “to write a people's songs.” Nor is his meaning doubtful for a moment, although some have affected to doubt it. When Kipling writes “There is no truce with Adam-zad, the bear that looks like a man!” he refers to the disarming circular of the Czar of Russia, and to nothing else; and his reference is in the tone of him who said of the Trojan Horse, “I fear the Greeks e'en when they presents bring.” Whether that is a discreet reference or an indiscreet it is fortunately no business of mine to say, for I am concerned with the poem as a poem, as a work of consummate art. Such it certainly is. It has the glow of a huge fire, the force of a rushing flood. It banishes thought, and it carries the reader away. It is a piece of stormy music, and every epithet in it bites the imagination. It appeals to the strongest feelings of human nature, to pity and disgust, and suspicion and revenge. In a word, it is a master-piece of poetry. Is it a master-piece of politics? But that is another story.

“Drift from the Long Shore,” by “A Son of the Marshes,” will be published almost at once by Messrs. Hutchinson. There is no doubt that the observations of natural life contained in it will be of interest and value. There is, or there was, a curious little mystery concerning Mr. Jordan of Dorking, who is “A Son of the Marshes,” and his editor, or editrix, Mrs. Owen Visger. So close was their association, that the story went abroad that “A Son of the Marshes” was a lady. In fact, however, the relation between the two persons, who are quite distinct, has always been that now described.

All of us will look forward eagerly for the publication of Mr. Thomas Hardy's book of poems, embodying some fifty pieces of verse, written at various times during the past thirty years. Moreover, there is the greatest curiosity as to the probable contents of the volume. The *Academy*, quoting Mr. Lane, tells us that the greater part of Mr. Hardy's early work in verse was destroyed by him some years ago. It would seem, then, that most of the poems must be of recent date. Yet *Literature* speaks of thirty years. It may be that the mere paper perished but the verses lived in the memory of the poet.

Mr. Alfred Sutro, the translator of a collection of essays by Maurice Maeterlinck entitled “Wisdom and Destiny,” to be published by Mr. George Allen, is a dramatist of no mean ability, an accomplished linguist, and the master of a graceful style. He is also a personal friend of Maeterlinck, and is in a better position than almost any other man to understand the true meaning and spirit of the text with which he deals.

Books to order from the library:—

- “The Widower.” W. E. Norris. (Heinemann.)
- “The Changeling.” Walter Besant. (Chapman.)
- “The Measure of a Man.” E. Livingston Prescott. (Nisbet.)
- “Nine Years at the Gold Coast.” Rev. Dennis Kemp. (Macmillan.)
- “Life and Letters of Henry Reeve.” Professor J. K. Laughton. (Longmans.)
- “Corean Sketches.” Rev. James S. Gate. (Olipant.) LOOKER-ON.

Our Portrait Illustration.

IT is with no common pleasure that we are able to produce as our frontispiece the portrait of Lady Curzon of Kedleston, in the peerage of Ireland. She is the beautiful daughter of Mr. Leiter, a well-known American millionaire, and her husband's elevation to the peerage, on his acceptance of the Vice-Royalty of India, is quite recent. As the Hon. George Nathaniel Curzon, her husband has, to use an Irish form of expression, been a well-known man since his boyhood. He was distinguished at Eton, where he was editor of the bright but short-lived *Etonian*. He had a brilliant career at Oxford, where, as a contemporary of “Anthony Hope” at Balliol, he beat the novelist in an historical essay competition. He was also prominent in the Society and politics of the University. Subsequently, he has devoted himself to a Political career, and his rise has been very rapid. But, by the consent of friends and foes alike, he has deserved all the honours of office that have fallen to him, for his ability, great as it is, is matched by his industry. A delicate man, he has been an unwearied and fearless traveller, and his books on Eastern subjects are, albeit a trifle heavy, of high value and authority.



ONE of the proud possessions of the Bluecoat School is a stuffed fox, which stands in a glass case in the museum of Christ's Hospital. This fox took the chief part in the first, and probably the last, instance of fox-hunting in Newgate Street. It is thought that he came to Smithfield in a truss of hay, and that it was not exactly by choice that he came to be in the street so intimately connected with executions.

Foxes have strange tastes, however, and it is just possible that the aforementioned animal desired to enter upon a literary career in Fleet Street, following the example set by one of his race early in January, 1897. In this instance Reynard was discovered in the printing department of the *Newcastle Chronicle* office, and had to submit to the indignity of being thought to be a dog or a cat. However, he lived for a week in the office, running about the place the while in and out of the machinery. Ultimately he was caught in the stoke-hole of one of the boilers, and was stuffed. It is supposed that the enterprising animal had come to Newcastle in a carrier's cart, and had escaped in the early morning. Last February an event that must be almost unprecedented, though of a certain amount of similarity to the above, occurred at the *Evening News* office at Bolton, when a pig escaping from the hands of a butcher was hunted through the streets, and dashing through the coal bunker of a boiler-house into the engine-room, so wedged the fly-wheel that it took two hours to extricate the pork and get the engines in motion again.

Early in January last Reynard led the Cottesmore hounds a rare dance in the neighbourhood of Lees Thorpe, taking to the railway just when a Midland express to London was approaching. The driver, however, was able to pull up the train within a short distance of the pack, who were in imminent peril. A few weeks previous to this incident the South Cheshire hounds, followed by a score of horsemen, hunted along the London and North-Western Railway for about a mile, the line being fortunately clear all the time. The Blankney hounds when hunting from the Earl of Winchelsea's place at Haversholme some little time ago enjoyed an odd experience, for their quarry ran straight for Sleaford, and not finding the rest and quiescence he had every reason to expect in the cemetery, sought for it in the churchyard. Whilst attempting to retire without undue fuss through the vicarage grounds he was headed back, and eventually killed in the market-place.

It was a churchyard, too, that figured considerably in a coursing episode last August at Guildford. When the organ-blower of Holy Trinity Church was on his way to open that edifice, he espied a hare in the churchyard cavorting about the graves. Without a moment's hesitation, the official—his sporting

instinct's being awakened—was in full chase, and after an exhilarating "run" amongst the tombstones he succeeded in capturing the intruder, who was imprisoned in the parish room. Whether the end of the hare was closely allied to red currant jelly and forcemeat we are unable to say, but we surmise that it was.

A hotel seems to be a strange sort of place for an otter to frequent, but last October a fine dog otter, who had been fighting a neighbour in the river Frome, was frightened by the onlookers, and, leaving its native element, rushed to the George Hotel for sanctuary, where, after an exciting chase round and round an apartment, it was finally captured after it had made two noble efforts to scale the chimney. The otter weighed 22lb., and was almost 4ft. in length.

Last February twelve months the West Surrey Stag hounds, after a splendid run, captured their quarry at Claygate railway station—a strange port for a stag to seek, however bad the storm; but, exciting as their experience was, it cannot compare to that engendered by the vagaries of a stag that escaped from his van at Waterloo Station, and provided four hours' excitement in that neighbourhood. The stag had come from the North, and was bound for Surbiton, but growing weary of his cart, he had, by some means best known to himself, effected his release. After an exciting run over the South-Western system in the immediate vicinity of the terminus, he trotted off to the South-Eastern, leaving his "field" far behind. Eventually he broke his leg in the wires at Poplar, and succumbed to his injuries.

H. M.



BEFORE we struck the mountains in Idaho, we had to cross some of the smaller deserts of Eastern Oregon. I say "deserts" in the strict sense of the word, for, by a curious contrast, before one reaches the region of mountains

and rivers, one passes through true deserts—waterless, arid, hot, and lifeless. Not even in Central Asia are the physical contrasts so violent. For though the true deserts of Central Asia are bounded by mountain plateaus almost as arid and repellent, the Altai Mountains, which most nearly approach the Rockies in character, have at their feet not real desert, but steppe, covered during a part of the year with verdure and grazing flocks. Some people who imagine there are no deserts in the West may be surprised to hear that four years ago I travelled for thirty-six hours with eight horses without water for them to drink. Fortunately, the sufferings so caused in the Northern States are not aggravated by the extreme heat which one gets in the South-West. But the completeness of the change, for man and beast, when at last the mountains are reached, may be imagined. Instead of dust and lava beds, there are fine pastures and feed for the horses, abundance of pure running water, wood, and shade. The main range of the Rocky Mountains runs straight through Eastern Idaho, from north to south, dividing the State from Montana and Wyoming. Of course it is not one range, but a mass of mountains running mainly in the same direction, with subsidiary

spurs and chains on either side. Yellowstone Park, for instance, lies on the east of the broadest part of this mountain belt, though on a higher parallel of latitude than that of Boise City. The hunting grounds of Eastern Idaho contain

several big mountain ranges. The principal chains are the Seven Devils, the Sawtooth, the Clear Water, and the Bitter Root Mountains. The last two are fairly good ground to hunt in, but one must be careful not to stay among the mountains too late in the fall. Snow begins to fly at the end of September, and when the snow comes it is not safe to be entangled among the hills. Even in summer it is a slow business to get clear of these great mountains and reach the plains. The distances are great, the mountains from 5,000ft. to 7,000ft. high; the sides are unusually rough and broken, and even pack-horses cannot travel fast. Where there is a trail a pack-train can, as a rule, make from ten to fifteen miles a day. But where there is no trail, from five to six miles a day is the limit. These figures show in themselves the difficulty of the country. An early start and an early camp is the one good rule. Packing well is a business which takes a long time to learn. Before entering the mountains it is as well to learn the art of throwing a "diamond hitch." Once thrown well over a pack, it keeps its place, whether the pack-horse is a "bucker" or not.

Wapiti are not easy to find, even when one is well among the mountains. They are great



CAMP IN THE SAWTOOTH MOUNTAINS.



LOOKING UP A FRESH ELK COUNTRY.

travellers, and move long distances from one part of the mountains to another. One may strike country which is all old "sign," and then after some days find fresh "sign" quite unexpectedly. In Idaho they all live back in the basin country, little valleys with mountains all round. One may be in one basin and see absolutely no traces of elk, and conclude, after several days of hard climbing, that there is not one left in the West. Next day you may strike their "sign." Then keep your eyes open. Wapiti once jumped and scared think nothing of travelling twenty miles to another range. We learnt this by experience. Last summer we struck a band of them, numbering about twenty-four, and I had the good luck to kill a very large bull of fourteen points. This was one morning early in September. I had struck fresh "sign," and was travelling slowly along a mountain like the side of a house to get down into the valley, when I heard a bull elk whistle. No man living can imitate the call of a bull Wapiti, neither is he likely to forget it when he has once heard it. It is something like a low-drawn whistle with two or three grunts to finish up with. When you hear it, look out, for it is ten to one there are cows near when the bull utters his call. I had never heard a bull elk call before, but I knew what it was, and stopped dead and listened, and then worked down to the bottom of the hill where I knew he was, stopping whenever he called. When I reached the bottom of the hill I ran right on to three cows about 40yds. off. I had never seen elk before, but I had the sense not to fire at them, as I did not want to kill a cow elk unless very hard up for meat. I followed them up slowly into a small belt of timber, hearing the bull calling all the time. Then I came suddenly on seven more elk, and among them the old bull. He heard me, and turned his head, and as he turned I fired and hit him hard, but he galloped away up hill into some thick brush before he fell. When I got up to him he jumped up, but another bullet in his shoulder finished him, and I walked up and put my knife into him.

There have been some great arguments over the weight of bull Wapiti. Generally big bulls run from 800lb. to 1,000lb., or over that. Exaggerations as to horn measurements are common; yet the real size and bulk of the Wapiti antlers is so striking that the facts are enough without the aid of fiction. One



A 14-POINTER ELK.

Western yarn is that a 6ft. man has been known to walk under them when reversed, and the points put on the ground. One

should not believe this, or think of doing so. No such antlers exist, and there are thousands preserved by sportsmen and in collections. The largest head I ever saw, and measured, was 60in. span between the horns—that is 5ft. and half an inch—and was a twelve pointer. A 5ft. man could not have walked under that. I have also a print from a photograph of a head obtained in the State of Washington (North-West of Idaho and Oregon). This head measures 65in. between the horns, and must be among the largest in the world. But a 5ft. man could not walk under that either.

We saw a number of mule deer, but did not disturb them, as we were seeking larger game. Big game was in considerable

variety. Besides the elk there are bear, big-horn sheep, and Rocky Mountain goats. In Idaho, the big-horn sheep carry splendid heads. Like all wild sheep, they live in summer on the barest and rockiest tops of the mountains. Rough as the lower hills are, these tops are even worse to climb, and of course are only accessible in summer. We find more than one range where these splendid sheep survive, but perhaps it is as well not to advertise their exact whereabouts.

Rocky Mountain goats are sometimes described as being stupid creatures and easy to shoot. This may be the case where they have never been molested; and the remoteness of some of their haunts makes it probable that they have in some places only recently become acquainted with the gun. If anyone will try his luck with the Rocky Mountain goats in the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho, he will find them well able to take care of themselves. I have also hunted them in certain ranges on the South-West Coast of Alaska, and in Selkirk Mountains, British Columbia. They gave splendid stalking and were always wild.

They are astonishingly tough, and when wounded think nothing of dashing off, and bounding up a rocky side-hill where no human being could follow. I saw one last summer shot through with a .303 bullet, which had gone through the shoulder blade, and made a hole you could put your fist through. Yet it ran a long way before a lucky shot smashed the top of its skull.

Before we left the mountains at the end of September, we had snow and frost, which we took as notice to quit and move to the plains. After passing through Boise, we hit the trail for California, and went through Eastern Oregon and North-West Nevada. Even then our sport was not over, for we struck fine country for antelopes and deer when going West, and another range for big-horn.

H. C. NELSON.



A PACK-TRAIN.



MOUNTAIN TROUT.



THE little island of Maarken, in the Zuyder Zee, is a place less be-tripped than one might expect it to be, seeing that it lies so close to Amsterdam and that the Hook of Holland has been put so near to us by the Great Eastern Railway and its boat connections. But what makes visitors a little fearful of going there is, no doubt, the sea-passage—short enough, if from Amsterdam one takes the ferry across the ship-canal to Tolhuis, and so drives to Monikendam, and slips over thence by way of Vollende or Vollandam. There is "another way," and that is to take the steamer that runs direct from Amsterdam on high days and holidays, and by so doing you see, no doubt, a deal more of the Dutch folk's life, for you will be in company with holiday-makers of all ages and sizes. Such a crowd, especially on ship-board, and especially if the sea is likely to be rough—and the Zuyder Zee is not always a mill-pond—has its drawbacks as well as its interest, and the more solitary way by Monikendam is more attractive.

Vollende itself is a village of some sixteen hundred souls, whose life is spent in fishing; their wooden houses come down to the edge of the water-ways, and they are themselves, perhaps, as typical specimens as can be found in Holland of the primitive Dutch folk. They have been little spoiled or altered by any influences from outside. They have not the look, it is to be said, of genius—neither the figures nor the faces are classical or, as one would say inspired; but all the while that one looks with wonder at the unemotional faces, one has to remember that these are descendants of the people who have left more works of genius to astonish us, and done more glorious deeds of arms by land and sea, than any other nation of the Teuton race. It was especially out of the people of this North Holland that the genius of William the Silent was able to mould the heroes that defied the Duke of Alva and all the power of Spain in her palmy day. It does not need to recall all that the arts of painting and music owe to the old Dutchmen; and even to-day the school of Dutch painting is one of the most interesting. Also there is a high probability that we owe to the Dutchmen our golf, and a certainty that we are indebted to them for much Schnapps, Hollands, and Schiedam.

A very good idea of the young raw material out of which the genius that gave us these good gifts was fashioned is to be drawn from the first picture of SMALL MAARKEN ISLANDERS posing, as professional beauties, to the camera. In the second picture, showing some HEADS OF THE FAMILY, the rake and forks that one of the gentlemen is handling are testimony that, though Maarken is principally given over to the fishing, the less exciting pursuits of husbandry are not forgotten. It is even said that on Maarken the cattle may be seen in their model dairies with tails plaited and hooked up after the manner that the visitor is more likely to study at Alkmaar, or even at Broek, on the way to

Monikendam. The small "head of the family"—no doubt its most considered, if its least, member—in its mother's arms is delightful, and no less delightful is the gratified smile on the mother's face in her pride at herself and baby forming the picture's central attraction—a pride and a delight that is equally reflected on the good-humoured faces of the two men in the background. It has been said that the Maarken islanders are a little inclined to resent the intrusion of strangers—we have known people make a similar remark about the inhabitants of other, even of the British, islands; but however true it may be of ourselves (on which point our judgment may be tainted by partiality), we can say, without any prejudice, that we believe it a libel on the Maarken folk, whom we found most friendly, even to the length



HEADS OF THE FAMILY.

of submitting to be photographed. Is there a severer test? The magnificent broderie on the lady's bodice, and the care with which the long "Marguerite" curl is trained down and displayed, suggest a suspicion that the lady was not without her share of the innocent vanity that her sex has been known to show elsewhere. And yet there is a purposefulness about the grasp of this lady's hand on the rail that seems to augur some possession of the more sterling qualities.

"Should wives work?" is a question that has not troubled the Maarken folk. Woman's work, and its sphere, has seemed obvious enough to them. In the third, and last, picture of a house and a boat on one of those water-ways that are the arteries of circulation in Holland, the girl in the forefront is in more workaday, less gorgeous, costume than the proud mother with the baby in her arms, and she is ready, if need be, to take a hand in the boat with the oars or with the sail.

The education of the children, even on this remote little island, is thoroughly well controlled, and no one should leave Maarken without paying the schools a visit. In Monikendam, a town from which the glory has departed, there are relics of its better days to be seen—the Gothic church, a town hall with a fine gable end, and odds and ends of ruined gates and walls. The average English visitor cannot stand



SMALL MAARKEN ISLANDERS.

too much of Holland. As an American said of it, "You ought to carry a brick about with you to stand on from time to time, to give you a good view over the surrounding country," and this sense of flatness, thus whimsically expressed, becomes oppressive after a while to the ordinary British mind, and you would give a penny a foot for a mountain to look at. But all the while you ought to carry with you the remembrance of the astonishing bits of history that this square-built people, living on this flat-built country, have made. It is a perpetual feast to wonder at the manner in which they have risen superior to their surroundings; in which connection the American quoted above again observed that if the people of Holland had not "risen above their surroundings" they would have been "dead men or mermen." And, perhaps, if it had not been for their fight against the sea they would never have succeeded in their fights against the Spaniard; or, perhaps—but these are speculations that people can make for themselves, and you can hardly help making them after a visit to the island of Maarken.



IN WORK-A-DAY COSTUME.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TWO novels and a monograph by a distinguished rosarian are the themes chosen out of many for treatment this week. From the novels I expected much, for their authors are "Henry Seton Merriman," who has done some first-class work that has been praised highly in these columns, and Mr. C. F. Keary, who possesses a high reputation among the younger generation of literary men of the day. The rosarian is Lord Brougham, and the roses of which he speaks are those that flourish in his beautiful garden at Cannes. I opened his book in uncertainty; I laid it down long afterwards in delight, part of which may be explained by the illustrations it contains, two of which are given by way of accompaniment to these words.

"Roden's Corner" is the title of Mr. Merriman's new book, which is issued, like most of his works, by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. It is a great disappointment to those admirers, growing annually more numerous, who have followed its author's career with interest, and have predicted for him a great future. Let me not be misunderstood, however. To many a man and woman who produces novels, of a sort, with profuse regularity, "Roden's Corner" would be a credit; it is not at all a bad book. But its author is the gifted person who wrote "With Edged Tools," and "The Sowers"; he has

established his own standard of excellence, and this his latest-born book is very far below that standard. With the story itself there is, in point of construction, little fault to be found. A German chemist extorts from a dying man a secret recipe for the production of malgamite, a material deadly as yellow phosphorus itself in the making, but essential to the manufacture of paper. This recipe is really descriptive of an old process long given up by reason of the mortality it involves, but the chemist holds it out as absolutely safe. With the aid of Roden, a clever and unscrupulous financier, and by bribing a charitable peer to become his chairman and figure-head, he contrives to place his scheme for obtaining the monopoly of malgamite before the public in the guise of a charity. Money is found, a colony of the malgamite workers, diseased, reckless, and dissolute, is planted at the Hague; and Roden and his associate, at the expense of numerous lives, undersell the competing manufacturers, and realise a million or so. But there are two virtuous directors of the charity—Tony Cornish, a butterfly of fashion, with more good in him than you might suppose at first sight; and Major White, a hero, and a V.C. man of incredible stupidity. They, so to speak, blow the gaff. The chemist, after trying to murder Cornish once, after having him beset among the sand-dunes by malgamiters whom White puts to flight, puts an end

to himself accidentally in a third attempt to murder Cornish. He charges at the latter knife in hand by one of the malodorous grachts of the Hague. Cornish dodges. The chemist goes head-foremost into the canal. His head sticks in the mud at the bottom. That is the end of him and, very nearly of the story. There are some women of course, because there have to be, but Mr. Merriman's women are rarely human. The male characters, particularly Tony and the peer, are well drawn. What then are the faults of the book? Why is it disappointing? The answer is twofold. Although the book has appeared in a serial form, its present effect is to remind one of those two tiresome subjects, "Hooleyism" and "phosy jaw." Secondly, the book is overloaded with epigrams. That, if they were smart and had the appearance of spontaneity, would be a virtue; but, unfortunately, they do not strike me as being particularly acute or pungent; and, they have an air of labour.

Mr. Keary's book, "The Journalist," is sure to have a considerable vogue among a certain band of young men of letters and their admirers, and I have no doubt that the characters displayed in the book are intended to hit off sundry living persons more or less closely. The Pirean Club is meant to represent some esoteric literary club in London—as likely as not the Savile; the country house of the journalists is more or less founded, probably, on the Sussex Bell, where some really sound and intellectual journalists still foregather; the *Albany Review*, for which they most of them write, seems to be very like



ROSE GIGANTEA.

the *National Observer* under Mr. W. E. Henley. The love story that runs through the book is interesting. But it is necessary to raise a gentle protest against the interminable conversations, and against the matter of them. Vaux, the particular journalist who is the hero—he is really rather a young novelist than a journalist at all—is great on dialogues. So is Mr. Keary. His men go on talking from morning till night, and they “talk clever” until the reader is utterly exhausted. Outside a handbook of familiar quotations I have never met so many literary allusions within the covers of one book.

Lord Brougham's book, “Roses at Cannes” is published by Messrs. John and E. Bumpus, and is dedicated to the Prince of Wales. It is an unpretentious volume, consisting largely of a catalogue of the roses in cultivation at the Chateau Eléonore at Cannes; but it boasts also some excellent pictures, and a modest introductory chapter which makes delightful reading. It also makes the mouth of a Northern rosarian water. “Our roses here rejoice in a depth of soil altogether unknown in England. Many roses, particularly the tea-scented varieties, are so strengthened and beautified by the sunshine and diet obtained here that, thus embellished, they would hardly be recognised by their kinsfolk at home.” Then we hear of a Marie van Houtte—named of course after the daughter of the world-renowned gardener at Ghent, which is 70ft. in circumference, a statement which puts meaning into our picture. Papa Gontier is grown into a cylinder of pillar 7ft. in diameter, 25ft. in height. Most beautiful of all, to my mind, is Gigantea, a rose of the Banksia type imported from Burmah. Lord Brougham is the first person who has succeeded in flowering this magnificent rose in Europe. These wonderful results are attained on red earth and rich loam of great depth, with abundant manure at



ROSE MARIE VAN HOUTTE.

planting and *purée de vaches*—that is a very pretty euphemism—in due season. Close pruning, whereby the English florist murders the rose, is eschewed. But the real work is done by the sun, and it is Phœbus mainly who makes out of Cannes a paradise of “roses, roses, all the way,” from March to May and from October to January.

The “Love-lorn Nightingale.”

IT seems almost inevitable, when one writes about a nightingale, that one should quote a passage of the poets and a tale from the classics. Poets, who are a curious people, have commonly found a strong note of pathos and of melancholy running through the nightingale's song, but it is surely out of their own very naturally vexed brains that they have conjured up the sad note, for a more ecstatic joyfulness than is expressed, not only by every trill, but even by every movement of the little bird's throat and body, as it warbles out its incomparable melody, is not to be heard within the range of music, whether avine or of

other kinds. From these impassioned people to the man who asked his host what the “d—d bird” was that kept him awake all night, there is a heavy fall into bathos.

Now it does not need to be a Cockney or a town man to wonder at the nightingale's song as a novel thing. Though every bush in some of our Southern, Midland, and Eastern Counties may be vocal with the beautiful notes of the nightingale all the day and all the night long, too, still there is many a county in England that the nightingale never visits at all. He never goes very far West, nor very far North, and “the reason why” we cannot tell, for he is insectivorous for the most part, like nearly all the warblers, but he—the leader of the whole choir—is not, like them, ready to sing in any corner. He is exclusive, has laid down for himself certain boundaries to his migratory movements, and rarely or never transgresses them.

It is the custom to call the nightingale an insignificant bird, and wise people are apt to point at the contrast between his sober feathers and his gorgeous song; but though the general aspect of him is of a small brown bird, still the brown is of a warm chestnut hue above that is very beautiful, and his long slender shape is that of an old aristocrat. No one with an eye for form ought to disregard the lines of his figure. Yet we seldom have an opportunity of studying them, for we hear a deal more of him than we see. He comes to us only when the spring has well clothed the boughs with foliage, and prefers to sit in its shelter invisible, and charm us with a song that seems as constant as it is beautiful. One wonders when the bird can have time for sleep or food. During the hot hours, the noontide hours, of the day he may perchance be silent, but during all the rest of our waking hours, and many of our sleeping hours as well, he seems to sing songs of praise without ceasing. But this vocal stream is soon cut short by the end of the nesting season, and then, if we hear him at all, we are only astonished by a broken trill of wonderfully beautiful music, which strikes us more forcibly,



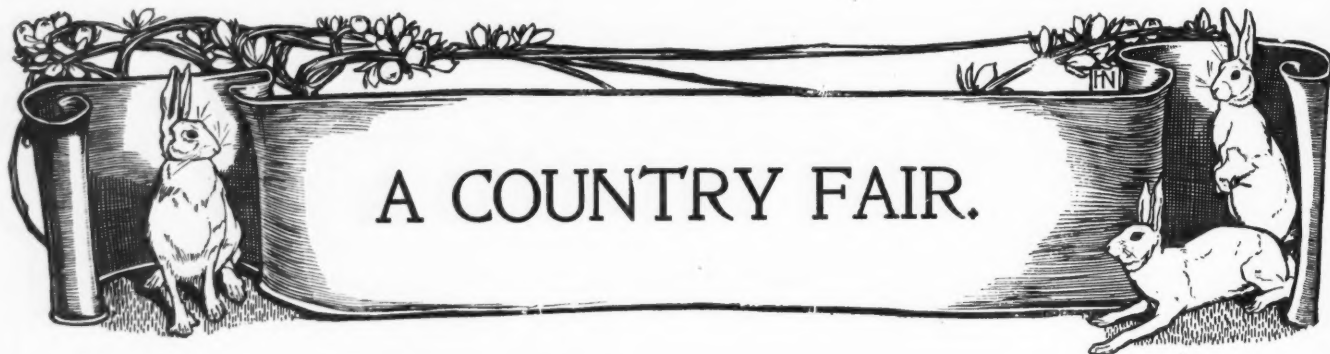
C. Reid, Wissham, N.B.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S NEST

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by its surprise, than the perpetual cataract of song that welled forth in spring. Sober in plumage, he may escape our notice often, for he does not sit out and sing on the topmost branches of a tree or bush, like the thrush or blackbird. About these eggs of his, in a nest that is rarely made without some oak leaves set about it, there is a sheen as of greenish bronze that suggests the polish and the elegance of the bird's own shape. The young birds we seldom

see, or, if we see them, they are of that humble brown in general aspect that means "sparrow" to the uninitiated. But, in truth, if our nightingale copied the manners of our sparrow we should see a deal more of him; but he loves the secluded places, the shade of bushes, and perhaps it is this love of seclusion—of singing while unseen—that has suggested to the poets and the classics that he is the bird of sadness.



IT is September, and the foliage grows yellow where the church tower peeps over the tree tops on the hill high above the town. There was heavy rain last night, and the moorland river rushes hoarsely beneath the granite arches of the bridge, dyed coffee colour by the peat. But a hot sun has dried the roads, and the curious old-world streets that know little traffic save on "vair day" have too much granite in their metalling to churn easily into mud, or, as the country-folk less euphoniously call it, "muck." Yet they have been alive since early dawn, when the first vehicles rumbled slowly into the sleeping town—vehicles painted with marvellous pictures of half-dressed heroes performing prodigies of valour with overgrown lions, tigers, bears, and wolves; vehicles announcing the charms of the fat woman and the living skeleton, and how that "the crowned heads of Europe" have honoured with their attendance the travelling panorama of Professor Bruni (whose family dwell in Whitechapel and answer to the name of *Brown*).

Along the principal streets canvas booths are being planted, principally furnished with appalling-looking sweet-stuff, purchased largely by-and-bye by ruddy farm girls, for self or absent friend, who, unable to be present, must have her "fairing" taken back to the distant homestead. Presently an itinerant photographer arrives and enshrines himself and his fortunes within a dingy structure inscribed "studio," who will take you (on *tin*) for sixpence, and who is well patronised. And there is a dealer in herbs, too, who drives a roaring trade among yokels of a prudent turn, who think that an outlay now may save them future expenditure in "doctor's stuff." Let us draw near and listen to his exordium.

"Have you got dispepsy, liver, rheumatic, or brownchitis?" he shouts. "Here," holding up a nasty-looking dead root and a phial, "is your remedy. Boil this," touching the first, "for ten minutes, drink it, and you're a new man, and," turning sharply to an old man leaning on his stick, "this," tapping the bottle, "will, well rubbed in, make your muscles as lissom as his," and he points to an acrobat apparently engaged in tying his legs round his neck and walking upon his hands. "What! you *won't* ave it? Well, well—"

Passing the acrobat, whose wife, collecting, hat in hand, the tardy halfpence, is volubly exclaiming, in language from which habit has long taken the sarcasm, that "the gentlemen are breaking their arms throwing in the coppers," we reach one of the most amusing characters of the fair—the travelling auctioneer, or "Cheap Jack." The morning is now well on, and the gathering crowd attests the attraction which the vendor of goods at "ruination prices," as he calls it, possesses for the simple country-folk. Against a background of pots, pans, concertinas, sham jewellery, brushes, combs, knives, forks, lamps, walking-sticks, bedroom ware, and miscellaneous ornaments, stands a thin, dapper little man with a knowing, grey chimney-pot hat set jauntily on one side of his close-cropped poll. He is selling purses just now, and as we join the crowd we catch the following: "'Ere y'are, ladies and gen'l'men, this real Rooshian leather purse, lined with blue morocco, and gold snap, only one shilling." No response. "Did I say one shilling? Nc! To show you that I will deal, at whatever sacrifice, I do *not* say one shilling. I say ninepence. What, not at ninepence? Well, then, sixpence!" One or two guadily-cravatted young farmers move restlessly, and whisper, with sheepish grins, as the merchant, fixing them with his keen eye, recommences. "What! a real first-rate, slap-up purse made of—"

"Brown paper!" interjects a local wit.

The "Cheap Jack" walks to the end of his platform and thus addresses the speaker, who quails unmistakably beneath

his searching gaze: "Who are *you*?" A pause, as if trying to recollect. "Oh, I know who *you* are. Yer father keeps a little farm out on the hills here—two Tom cats and a Billy goat—and *the parish pays the rent*!" A roar of laughter drowns further remark, and the discomfited countryman sneaks away. A score of purses vanish in five minutes.

"Here," continues the "Cheap Jack," quite unmoved, "is a most useful article." He holds up a steel. "You sharpen your knife on one side and your appetite on the other." "And pick yer teeth with the top," adds a bystander, at which not very refined remark the auctioneer nods gravely.

The plausibility of these salesmen and their glib command of language are unequalled. I remember one (he wasn't a "Cheap Jack," however, but a member of the "higher branch of the profession") who really rose to eloquence. "See," said he, "the Isle of Wight half concealed in silver mist. See the sparkling waves *breaking in refulgent perspiration* before Lot 31!" He waved his hand excitedly, thereby knocking over a carafe, the water pouring in a narrow line across the table. This would have disconcerted most men—not so our friend. "Waiter," he called, "bring that napkin of yours, and put a stop to *this little Suez Canal Investment Scheme*!"

It is half-past twelve now, and the streets thin somewhat, for John Farmer and his kind have retired to the inns, there to consume much beef, goose, and home-brewed. We have not followed them to the market (where the bird that saved the Capitol is exposed for sale on every bench, his breast pathetically decorated with dreadfully rich-looking fat), for of business we have enough. Nor will we follow him to the "ordinary," where an open window is a rarity, for your farmer has so much fresh air in the fields that he will have none at all in the house, and turns with a shudder if a half-asphyxiated mortal dares to lift a sash upon the gravy-laden atmosphere. It is extraordinary what an aversion the agricultural classes have to ventilation. Not many months since I was holding a Manorial Court among the Welsh hills. The day was an October one, fresh but sunny. The room measured about 12ft. by 10ft.; there was a large fire and a small window. Into this room were packed twelve jurymen, a bailiff, one or two onlookers, and myself, seated, in right of my office, with my back to the fire (about 2ft. distant), and the window *shut*. After much persuasion I managed to get the *door* opened, but the very idea of letting the fresh air in at the window was fraught with absolute terror for those Welsh yeomen.

So we will get our luncheon in a room where our bucolic friends muster in fewer numbers, and afterwards—for things will be quiet for another hour or two—turn our steps to the old castle above the flashing river, and while, may be, the smoke of the fragrant weed curls languidly about our heads, dream of the days of long ago, when the now wind-swept halls of these ivy-mantled ruins rang to the tread of mailed warrior or echoed to the laugh of lady gay.

They chose the sites of their castles well, those bold barons. This one is on the summit and sides of a knoll which, though dominated by higher hills on the one hand, is on the other bounded by a wide valley, watered by the river that almost laves the castle walls—a fortress practically impregnable in the days of the Norman and Plantagenet, though untenable for a single hour under the thunder of modern artillery. Here lived a kinsman of the Conqueror, and a fine time he must have had of it, hunting beasts in the chase across the river, or men, did he feel so disposed, in the country round. For responsible was he to none, save the King, who recked nothing of such little misdemeanours as harrying a Saxon homestead. Or you may see him in your mind's eye surrounded by ladies, esquires, men-at-arms, and hirelings, with hawk on fist starting for likely

coverts of the plump partridge or other winged game. Again, a warlike band assembles in the castle yard. The lord is grim enough now, for there is feud with a neighbour, and blood must be shed to wipe out insult. A trumpet sounds; you start, and wake from your reverie. Surely a trumpet is sounding, though in the distance. The melody proceeds from the town. Alas! the nineteenth century is again upon you, and you must return to the "revel."

The trumpet—oh, bathos!—is blown by steam. It forms the centre-piece of a merry-go-round, about which a double tier of wooden steeds (also driven by the same useful but unromantic element) circulate with monotonous steadiness. Almost every saddle has its rider, and he (or she) appears to consider the ride a serious business, as, indeed, so soon after dinner, it must be. The smiles are few. I am sure that the cynical Frenchman who thought that the English took their pleasures sadly must have come straight from a merry-go-round. Let us leave them to their solemn enjoyment and to the hoarse music of the steam trumpet and pass on.

Here is a travelling menagerie, redolent of damp sawdust, and the fusty odour of animals seldom treated, poor things, to a proper grooming. Just within the entrance of the marquee, round which the carriages containing the dens are ranged, is a group of camels moving their ungainly heads and necks in the restless manner peculiar to their tribe. Go not too near, for the camel is not always free from vice, and a nip from the teeth concealed by that long flexible lip would not be pleasant. And go not too near that pretty pony tethered by a cord to the monkeys' cage, for he neither permits liberties, *me teste*—did he not, the rascal, once bite me in the knee by way of protest against my attempt to seat a child on his back? Children are busy feeding those human parodies, the monkeys, with nuts, and the elephant, with his cracked-leather-looking skin, with buns, while a man goes from cage to cage followed by a little crowd, lecturing on their contents. Presently a lady gaudily bedight in blue cotton velvet and spangles enters the lions' den, and, to the awe of the rustics, takes certain familiarities with the royal beast, which shows how cowed he must be by confinement. When she places her head within the jaws of the largest the spectators cheer. Would it not be better if they hissed? Over and over again have these performers paid the penalty of such rash temptings of Providence—yet still the dangerous game goes on; and until Parliament interferes, these senseless exhibitions will doubtless continue, to the peril of the performers and the generation of unhealthy excitement in the calookers. So, enough of the menagerie.

On a patch of turf by the roadside is a ragged and frousy tent, decorated nevertheless with a marvellous representation in oils of a scene in naval warfare. While we are wondering what it may portray, a pallid man with a crooked nose and red whiskers, dressed—at least, so he imagines—as a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Navy, appears on the platform, and announces that the Bombardment of Alexandria is about to commence. We enter and take our seat on one of the rough benches. Little can be said for the performance, which commences with a lecture by our naval friend, who, standing in front of a canvas representing the doomed city, explains the situation of "Harabi," at the same time moving, by means of some rude machinery, models of the English Fleet, which are made to blaze away at the canvas in right warlike style. But the audience is amusing in its intense appreciation of the scene, snuffing up with manifest enjoyment the smell of "villainous saltpetre" which follows the *finale*—the explosion of a water-side battery. Close to us is a shrewd-looking old farmer, who evidently means to have the full value of his money. His wife and a gossip insist on talking across his burly form, commenting with many an "Oh!" and "Well, I never!" on the naval officer's remarks. At last, Giles can stand it no longer, and fixing his eye on the immense umbrella his better half holds upon her lap, asks, "What is the difference between a umbereller and a ooman? Can't 'ee tell? Well, I'll tell 'ee then. One you can shut up, and t'other you can't!" The neighbour reddens, and the wife looks such daggers that I am sure there will be a candle lecture to-night for my bucolic wit.

Nor can we fail to remark the peculiar appearance of a member of the orchestra. In repose his visage is the most melancholy conceivable, perhaps owing to the loss of an eye, and a general expression of having come off second best in the battle of life. But when he puts the cornet to his lips the change is remarkable. The solitary orb revolves with gleams positively ferocious, while his battered countenance is contorted into the

most extraordinary mass of seams and wrinkles I have ever seen. The result is ludicrous, and when he plays a solo, even the most phlegmatic are moved to laughter. Poor fellow, ill-paid, under-fed, happily he is unconscious of, or at least indifferent to, the mirth his grotesque appearance excited.

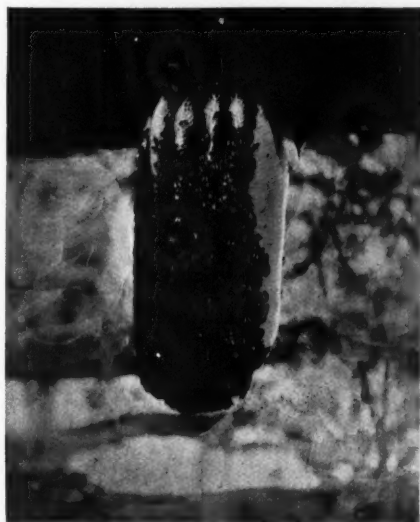
It is growing late. As we emerge from our bombardment—a friend actually *has* been bombarded by a forward maiden squirting the contents of a scent fountain into the nape of his neck—pendant flares are gleaming in front of the various exhibitions, and the country-folk busy themselves getting out horse and trap from the inn yard. Though the fair is not yet over, its best features are, for as evening lengthens an element of rowdiness arises; the tap of the alehouse is too frequently patronised before the arena of the menagerie or the auditorium of the naval lieutenant. Cheap Jack, too, addresses a throng that, inspired with Dutch courage, is far less liable to be abashed than that present at his morning performance. And he knows it, and suits his jokes to the audience—jokes fully as humorous, but with a touch of vulgarity about them which we do not care to countenance. So passing beneath his swinging oil lamp, we make our way up the steep hill to the railway station, sensible that we have gained much amusement and no little insight into the ways of rustic merry-making by our attendance at a country fair.

JOHN LL. WARDEN PAGE.

Hiveless Bees in England.

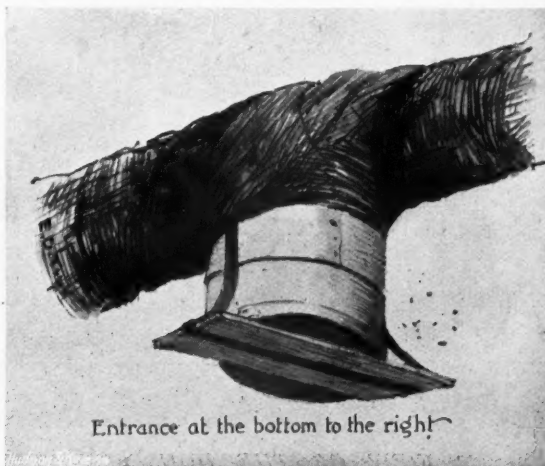
AS a pendant to your recent and most interesting bee-keeping articles (says a correspondent), the enclosed particulars of a very exceptional case may be acceptable to your readers.

In so variable a climate as ours it is rare for bees to build in the open, but the photograph shows a remarkable case of the kind in Lullingstone Park, Eynsford, Kent, the seat of the Right Hon. Sir William Hart-Dyke, M.P. The limb from which the combs depend is that of a large sycamore almost in front of Lullingstone Castle. It is quite 20ft. from the ground, so that it was no easy operation to obtain a satisfactory photograph, success in the end being achieved by planting the camera on a branch in close proximity to the bees. The artist, needless to say, had to pay the penalty of his temerity in stings. August 6th, the day on which the photograph was taken, was, it may be remembered, rough and windy, so that means had to be taken to prevent it from being blown away and destroyed. The combs were protected by placing round them a cheese-box, with entrance and alighting board, and a water-proof cover on the top. The whole is now weather-proof, and presents the appearance shown in the sketch.



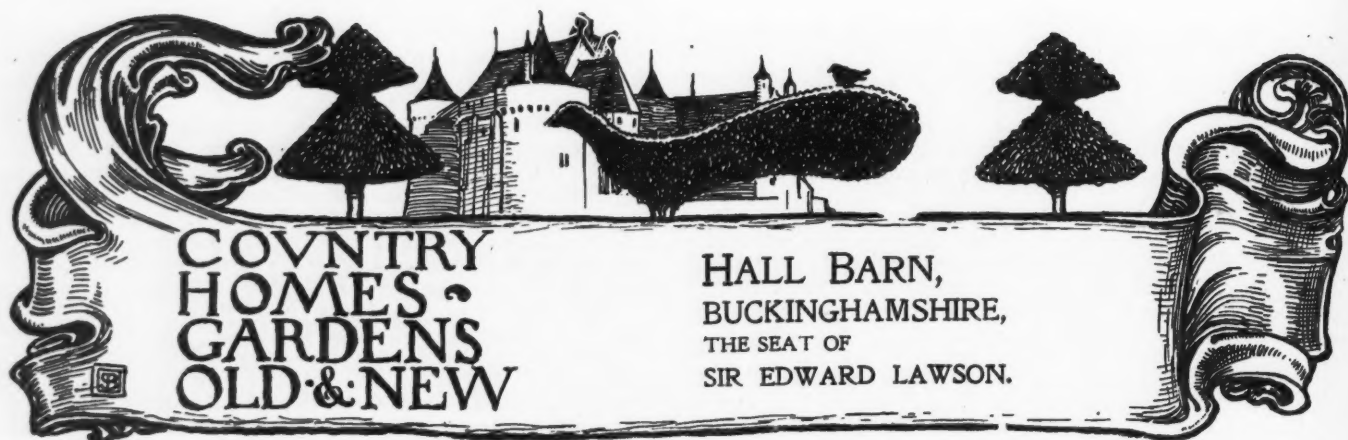
H. W. Brice. A SWARM.

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Entrance at the bottom to the right.

In this position the bees can be fed sufficiently to carry them over the winter. There are probably 30,000 insects there. It is uncertain when the bees first took possession, but probably they were A SWARM that issued unobserved from the Lullingstone Gardens in June. It was first seen on July 10th. A few days after the central combs, containing a quantity of sealed brood, fell. This involved great risk to the queen, but she could not have been injured by the accident. The two combs were quickly rebuilt. The largest comb is 16in. long by 11in. across. I saw the swarm in the beginning of September, but for the particulars given and the photograph I am indebted to the secretary of the Kent and Sussex Bee-keepers' Association.



ALL the world knows how beautiful is Buckinghamshire. These pages have depicted and described many a country home situated on its swelling hills or among its leafy groves, and now we have Sir Edward Lawson's delightful and particularly interesting abode, near that pleasant town of Beaconsfield, which is rich in its associations with statesmen and poets. A large estate, with much beautiful parkland and extensive shooting in this chosen region, with the ancient boles, the gnarled branches, and the venerable shade of Burnham's famous beeches but a short distance away, is a place indeed to be proud of. Sir Edward has made Hall Barn thoroughly his home, and a truly English home it is—a noble house, surrounded by undulating pleasure grounds and radiant gardens.

Into the house itself we can but peep, tempting as it is to write about it. Yet the picture of the dining-room is sufficient to explain how richly adorned it is. That marvellously beautiful mantel, rich and elaborate in its carving, enframing a portrait of Waller the poet, is one example of the taste that has been exercised in the adornment of the abode. The reader will think of the winter hours, when a flood of light issues from the crackling logs as the sparks fly up the chimney, illuminating the splendid interior and its glorious enrichments of wood-carving and pictures.

But we are concerned rather with summer days, and with the park and gardens surrounding the house; with the undulating land, grassy sward, and noble trees; with the splendid beeches, finely grouped or standing by themselves, and all noble specimens for form and colour. The pleasure grounds and gardens are at the rear, and are difficult indeed to describe. They are gardens of pleasant slopes, woodland, water, leafy grass walks, and shadowy groves, with some special character of their own.

Such hedges are not to be seen in any other place. We think you may search England through and not find the like. There are fine hedges elsewhere, but these at Hall Barn, by reason of their age, their splendid height, and the condition in which they are kept, are especially beautiful. Look at that facing the little valley to the left of the house. It is a superb hedge, composed of variegated holly, yew, laurel, and box, with fine old yews behind. We believe, for its height and splendid character of variety, it is unparalleled. It is rather thin, perhaps, with age, but it would suffice to give distinction to any place. Then there are glorious yew hedges to be seen. One—a thick and noble hedge it is—runs from the right of the house to the lake in the valley, and is continued higher up. From whatever point one views it, one is struck with its height, density, and sombre effect. At certain points garden houses are placed in the hedge to command entrancing views.





"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—HALL BARN: VIEW FROM THE HOUSE.

Copyright.

We are led to say that Hall Barn seems a garden of hedges and hills. Facing the great hedge of yew, laurel, and holly, and across the little vale of turf, wherein gay masses of summer flowers enliven the scene, are firs, larches, and other trees rising from a dense undergrowth of laurel, which is kept well trimmed. Along the side of the lake, which is in a valley with a garden house at either end, the ground is high, with turf sloping down to the water, and by the gravel walk above runs another hedge of laurel. On the opposite side the ground rises again to the surrounding woodland.

The effect of meadow, woodland, and statuary is very fine, though some may say a little sombre. In such a situation the lakeside is well suited for water gardening, which has many beautiful forms. The lake at Hall Barn is in a secluded spot, and lilies would thrive well, lighting up the surface with bright and attractive colouring. Walking by the lakeside, we come to groves of woodland, than which we have never seen anything more distinctive. On hot August days these pleasant solitudes afford cool, leafy retreats from the summer sun. The ground undulates, and there are pleasant grass walks, with hedges of laurel and rhododendron on either side, and larch, fir, and other trees almost meeting overhead. One principal grass walk, flanked chiefly by rhododendrons, leads to a handsome garden temple, and thence onward to higher ground and to a monument. There are little alleys, too, running off from the foot-paths and winding through the undergrowth, darkened by the overhanging foliage, and here one might lose one's self easily in the sylvan pleasaunce. Very fine old yews spread here and there their sombre shade, and when we rise to the higher ground



Copyright CHIMNEY-PIECE IN DINING-ROOM. "C.L."



Copyright ITALIAN GARDEN HOUSE. "C.L."

of this delightful woodland, we look across sloping meadows to the house beyond. It would be almost impossible to note all the splendid trees—purple and ordinary beech, fir, and many more—which flourish in these beautiful grounds.

The more domestic parts of the garden are removed from the house and near to the splendid lodge, with its fine old carved oak frontage. We mention the kitchen garden because, in a way, it is a flower garden too. Upon great walls apricot, peach, and other trees are trained, and the warm southern aspect suits them well. In the borders flowers of many kinds blossom—dahlias, stocks, roses, and others, and magnolia grandiflora covers the gardener's house, and its great white sweetly-scented blossoms are one of the attractions of the place. Near by tea roses freely flower. Why should not the two forms of gardening be more often linked together? There is, indeed, no reason why both departments of gardening should not go hand in hand, and the flowers of the kitchen garden border could then be freely plucked for the house, without detracting from the floral wealth of the more finished parts of the garden.

To sum up, the chief features of the place are its splendid hedges, its groves, its cool and pleasant grass walks, its green slopes, and that beautiful and interesting lodge. The house is old and handsome, and splendidly situated. A great deal more might have been said about it and its interests, but enough has been noted to show what are the particular characters of the place. A delightful district of sylvan and pastoral attraction surrounds this beautiful and remarkable country home.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY JONAH.

WE were gathered together in a compact group under the weather bulwarks of the old Rainbow, South Sea-man, presently cruising on the Line grounds; officers and harpooners of three ships engaged in the pleasant occupation of "gamming," as ship-visiting is termed among Southern-going whalers. Song and dance were finished, and with pipes aglow, stretched at our ease, the time-honoured "cuffer" or yarn was going its soothing round.

The fourth officer of the Rainbow, a taciturn Englishman, whose speech and manner excited wonder as to how he came in that galley, was called upon in his turn to contribute. Without hesitation, as if professional story-telling was his *métier*, he began:

"'Ere she white water-r-rs! Ah blo-o-ow!' came ringing down from the main crow's-nest of the Megantic, South Sea whaler of Martha's Vineyard, as she heeled solemnly to the steady trade on the 'off-shore' ground one lovely morning.

"'Where away? Haow fer off?' roared the skipper, while, slinging his glasses, he prepared to elevate his sixteen stone painfully to the giddy height above him.

"'Two p'int on the starb'd baouw, sir, 'baout five mile off. Looks like sparm whale, sir,' was the prompt reply.

"'All right, keep her az she goes, Mr. Slocum, 'n' clar away boats,' said the 'old man,' as with many a grunt he began his pilgrimage of pain.

"There was no need to call all hands. The first cry had startled them into sudden activity. Before its echoes died away, they were on deck, with no trace of drowsiness among them. Being in a high state of discipline, each man went straight to his boat, standing ready, at the word, to lower and be off after the gambolling leviathan ahead. Silence reigned profound, except for the soothing murmur of the displaced sea as the lumbering old barks forged slowly ahead, or the soft flap of a hardly-drawing staysail as she rolled to windward. Seated

upon the upper topsail yard, the 'old man' soliloquised grumblingly, 'What in the 'tarnal blazes 's he doin' of? Gaul bust my gol-dern skin ef ever I see sech a ninseck 'n my life. I be everlastin'ly frazzled ef 'taint mos' 's bad ez snakes in yer boots. Mr. Slocum, jes' shin up hyar a minit, won't ye?'

"As if unable to trust his own senses any longer, he thus called upon the mate to help him out. More agile than the skipper in his movements, it was but a few seconds before Mr. Slocum was by his chief's side, peering with growing bewilderment through the binoculars at the strange object ahead. What had at first sight seemed an ordinary full-sized bull cachalot leisurely playing upon the surface of the sea, had now resolved itself into an indescribable, ever-shifting mass of matter, from the dark centre of which writhing arms continually protruded and retreated. The golden glare lavished along the glittering sea by the ascending sun added to the mystery surrounding the moving monster or monsters, for it or they lay right in the centre of that l a z z l i n g path.

"'Wall—whatjer mek ov it, Mr. Slocum?' queried the skipper, sarcastically.

"Slowly, as if spelling his words, the mate replied, 'Thutty-nine year hev I ben a-fishin', but ef ever I see ennythin' like *that* befo', may I never pump sparm whale ag'in. Kaint fine no sorter name fer it, sir.'

"'Lemme see them glasses agen,' said the 'old man,' wearily. 'Pears like 's if she's a-risin' it, whatever 'tes, consider'ble sudden'; and, readjusting the focus, he glued his eyes to the tubes again for another long, searching look at the uncanny sight. His scrutiny was evidently more satisfying than at first, for without removing the glasses from his eyes, he yapped out, 'Way down frum aloft! Heave to, 'n low'r away, Mr. Slocum. Guess yew'll fine a "fish" thar, er tharabout.'

"'Ay, ay, sir,' promptly returned the mate, departing with great alacrity, issuing orders the while, so that by the time he reached the deck there was a whirring rattle of patent sheaves, and a succession of subdued splashes, as boat after boat took the water. In almost as short a time as it takes to write it, the boats' masts were stepped, the big sails bellied out, and away sped the handsome craft, in striking contrast to the unlovely old hulk that had borne them.

"We were no 'greenies'; long practice had so familiarised us with the wiles and ferocity of the cachalot, that we had none of the tremors at approaching one that so sorely afflict beginners. Nevertheless, there was an air of mystery about the present

proceedings which affected all of us more or less, though no one knew precisely why. Absolute silence is the invariable rule, as you know, in boats going on a 'fish,' because of that exquisite sense of sound possessed by the sperm whale, which is something more than hearing; so we were slightly startled to hear our harpooner say in a clear undertone, 'Dern funny-lookin' fish that, Mr. Slocum, don't ye think?' But for all answer our chief growled, 'Stand up, Josè!'

"Instantly the big fellow sprang to his feet in attitude to strike, balancing his weapon, a heroic figure sharply outlined against the clear blue.

"Good Lord! what was that? A horrible medley of blue-black and livid white, an inextricable tangle of writhing, clutching, tearing, serpent-like arms, that lashed the sea into a curious dusky foam, evil-smelling and greasy. Out of its midst rose an immense globular mass, bearing two eyes larger than barrel-heads, dead black, yet with a Satanic expression that confused one's heart-beats.

"'Giv't to him! giv't to him!' roared the mate, and instantly the iron flew into the midst of the wallowing entanglement, followed immediately by another from Josè's eager, nervous arms. Wil-ling hands clutched the flapping sail to roll it up, but a shriek of agony paralysed them all. A long livid thing rose on the off side of the boat, and twining itself around the wretched harpooner's tall figure, tore him from our midst, his heart-broken death-yell curdling our blood. Quick as thought, another of those awful arms came gliding over us, this time encircling the boat amidships. Though tapering to

the slenderest of points, it was of the circumference of a man's body at its thickest, and armed with saucer-like mouths all along its inferior surface. One of these clung to my bare breast as the slimy horror lightened round us, a ring of great curved claws which protuded from it tearing at my flesh as if to strip it from the bones. But we had hardly realised what was happening, when she was going over, parbuckled as you might turn a hand-bowl. In a moment all was darkness and struggle for breath amidst a very maelstrom of slime and stench, in the depths of which I felt myself freed from that frightful grip. It seemed like hours before, with a bound, I reached the surface again, clutching at something hard, and floating as I rose. In spite of the excruciating agony of my wounds, and the rushing of the air into my collapsed lungs, there was a sense of relief beyond expression, as of resurrection from the dead.



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HALL BARN: HEDGE OF YEW BOX, HOLLY, ETC.

"C.L."

"Although counted a powerful swimmer even among such amphibians as our crew, I lay there supine, stretched at length upon the sea—a still, white figure grasping numbly at the fragment of bottom-board. Suddenly I became aware of a whirling in the water again, but I was in a sort of stupor of the physical faculties, though mentally alert enough.

"Then up reared above my head an object I recognised with a long wail of terror; the tremendous lower jaw of the sperm whale, bristling with its double row of gleaming teeth. Before I could gasp a prayer, or even think what was happening, I was gliding down the vast grey cavern of his throat, with but one thought left—'the descent into Hell is easy.' Down, down I went into utter darkness, among a squirming, fetid heap of snaky coils, that enveloped me, and seemed to gnaw and tear at my shuddering body as if devouring me at second hand. Then came an explosion—a dull, rending report that sent an earthquake shock through me and my unutterable surroundings. Immediately following this there was a convulsive upheaval, in which all the contents of that awful place took a rising motion, growing faster and faster, until, with a roaring rush, came the dear daylight again.

"What ensued then for some time I do not know. A sensation of Heavenly peace and calm possessed me, when, awaking as if from some unimaginable nightmare, I found myself floating placidly as a Medusa upon a calm sea. There I felt content to lie, without effort, conscious only of life—life so sweet that I wondered dreamily whether I was still in the body, or had passed into that blissful state imagined by speculative psychologists as awaiting man after death. Gradually my mind became clearer, my limbs felt willing to obey the impulse of my brain. I began to swim, feebly at first, almost automatically, but with increasing vigour as the significance of my position became clearer to me.

"I had swum but a short distance when the blessed sound of my shipmates' voices greeted my ears, but from my lowly position I was unable to see them, until one of them gripped me by the arms, dragging me into the boat among them.

"Then I learned without surprise that I was the only survivor of my boat's crew. Everyone of my fellows had disappeared before the horror-stricken gaze of the men in the other boats, who, being but a short distance astern of us, had witnessed the whole tragedy. It appeared that we had attacked a cachalot in the act of devouring one of the gigantic cuttle-fish, or 'squid,' upon which these cetaceans feed, and of which it is most probable no mortal eye has yet beheld a full-sized specimen. For they inhabit the middle depths of oceans, never coming to the surface voluntarily.

"This monster's arms, or tentacles, enlaced the whole colossal body of the whale, so that they must have been fully 60ft. or 70ft. in length. At their junction with the head they were about 5ft. in girth, as a huge fragment lying at the bottom of the boat conclusively proved. At the time we so rashly attacked the whale the mighty mollusc must have been in his death-throes, for immediately after our boat's disappearance the whale 'sounded.' When a minute or two later he rose again to the surface, the other boats' crews saw him busily turning over and over, as if collecting the scattered fragments of his late victim. At that time they had not noticed me among the various flotsam, but it must have been then that I vanished down the capacious gullet of the voracious cetacean. Fortunately for me they were furiously bent upon attacking the whale, and so in some degree avenging their slain shipmates.

"The second mate had loaded his bomb-gun with an extra heavy charge, and, at the same moment that the harpooner darted his weapon, the bomb was discharged also. It penetrated the monster's lungs, inflicting a mortal wound by its explosion therein, the noise of which was the shock that I felt while in that horrible tomb. As is usual, in his dying agony the whale ejected the whole contents of his stomach, by means of which cataclysm I was expelled therefrom and restored to the upper world once more. But had it not been for long and severe practice in diving, taken while pearl-fishing in Polynesia, enabling me to compete successfully with Kanakas, who almost live in the water, and even outdo them at times, I must have been suffocated. The only time I was ever before so distressed for breath was in Levuka, when mate of a schooner. Our anchor fouled a rock in eight fathoms of water, and we could by no means persuade any of our natives to attempt its release. Rather than lose the fair chance of sailing that day I tried the dangerous task, succeeding after a desperate struggle, but regaining the surface with blood streaming from mouth, nose, and ears.

"I lay back in the stern-sheets of the boat feeling cruelly exhausted, the pain of my ghastly wound becoming continually more severe. But pre-occupied as I was, I could hardly fail to notice a want of cordiality towards me among my shipmates. An uncomfortable silence prevailed, depressing and unusual. It was not due to the natural solemnity following upon the sudden loss of five of our number, cut off in the prime of their health and strength, for, until I had told the wonderful story of

my going down into Sheol, their demeanour had been very different. I looked appealingly and wonderingly from one to the other, but could not meet any eye. They were all furtively averted with intent to avoid my gaze.

"To my relief, we reached the ship speedily. I was assisted on board gently enough, and led aft to where the skipper was roaming restlessly athwart the quarter-deck, like a caged animal. I was allowed to sit down while he examined me keenly as to the occurrences of the day. The gloom deepened on his face as I recounted all that I could remember of the fate of my unfortunate shipmates, until, my tale being told, he began, in curt, half-angry fashion, to question me about my antecedents. Not liking his manner, besides feeling faint and ill, I gave him but little information on that head.

"Then he burst out in petulant disconnected sentences, in bitter regrets for the lost men, blame of everybody generally, and at last, as if his predominant thought could no longer be restrained, shouted, 'I wish ter God A'mighty I'd never seen y'r face aboard my ship. Man an' boy I be'n spoutin' fer over forty year, an' never see, no, ner hearn tell, ov sech a hell-fire turn-out. Yew'r a Jonah, thet's wut yew air, an' the sooner we get shet ov ye the better it'll be fer all han's, an' the more likely we sh'll be to hev some luck.'

"This was such a crusher that I did not attempt to reply, nor, owing to my condition, did I quite realise the full brutality and injustice of the man as I might otherwise have done. I crept forward to my bunk, to find myself shunned by all my shipmates as if I was a leper, which treatment, as I had hitherto been a prime favourite, was very hard to bear. But in the face of ignorant superstition like this I was powerless. So I held my peace and sat solitary, my recovery being much hindered by the miserable state of my mind. The rest of the passage to Valparaiso was a time of such misery as I never experienced before or since, and I wonder that they did not land a hopeless lunatic.

"However, I fought against that successfully, determined to live if I was allowed to, and at last, to my intense relief, I shook off the dust of my feet against that detestable ship and her barbarous crew, thankful that their cruelty had stopped short of heaving me overboard as a sacrifice to the *manes* of my lost shipmates."

There was a silence of some minutes' duration after he had finished his yarn, then from one and the other came scraps of personalia confirming the general outlines of his experiences as to the existence of those nightmares of the sea of incredible size, as attested by the vomit of every dying cachalot. All gave it as their firm belief that it must have been a sperm whale that swallowed Jonah in the long ago, but it was the general opinion that as a rule a man was perfectly safe in the water from a sperm whale except under such circumstances as had been detailed, and that our friend had been the victim of a mistake on the part of the hungry leviathan.



THE SCARLET LOBELIAS.

WE are pleased to see from our travels through some English gardens of late that the Scarlet Lobelia (*L. cardinalis*) and its varieties are more grown than formerly. They are glorious flowers of autumn, as rich as any summer plant, and their intense colour, both in leaf and blossom, increases their effectiveness. We lately saw a bed of perhaps one hundred plants at least in full beauty, and this splendid group of crimson flowers showed how great is the loss to gardens at this time when such plants are not freely used. They are, as a rule, robust, though not perfectly hardy, at least in the more northerly counties. Where the climate is cold and damp it is wise to lift the roots and plant them out in a cold frame, returning them to the beds again in spring. A disease—a kind of fungus—sometimes attacks the Scarlet Lobelia, but we think this pest has been less virulent of late, at least we have seen little evidence of its presence in gardens. A noble group of the variety Queen Victoria, which is sumptuous in colour, was in full beauty lately in an exposed East Coast garden, with the *Ageratum* used as a groundwork—an effective and striking association. Several varieties have been raised of late years, some of poor rose colours, but one named Firefly is more brilliant even than the parent. It is a kind to group for effect.

THE MUSK ROSES.

These form a charming race, and Musk Roses are old favourites of the garden, as they were known certainly three hundred years ago. The flowers individually are not showy, but in a mass make a good effect, and they appear late in August, when climbing Roses are frequently without blossom. A thoroughly good soil is necessary for them, and little, if any, pruning, a remark which applies to pillar kinds in general. Frequently the beauty of such Roses is lost through ignorant ways of pruning, shoots being cut away which produce the blossom of the ensuing summer. Perhaps the best variety is that called Fringed; it is exceptionally free, and strikes easily from cuttings. The flowers are white touched with sulphur, and in quiet damp mornings or evenings distil

a Musk-like odour, from which this race has derived its distinctive name. Eliza Verry bears masses of white flowers, whilst those of Rivers' Musk are of a pretty pink tint. Of the hybrid Musks, the Garland grows with great vigour, and has bold clusters of small white flowers with delightful little buff-coloured buds peeping out from amongst them. Mme. d'Arblay is another rampant kind, with shoots like walking-sticks—a fine Rose for the wild garden, where indeed, the whole race could be used with advantage.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Thanks to the greater interest shown of late years in hardy plants, our gardens are often as beautiful in the sunny September and early October days as when the Daffodil bends in the breeze, or the exotic colours summer bed and border. The Starworts (Perennial Asters or Michaelmas Daisies), star-flowers in truth of the autumn, are in beauty now, flinging their blossom-covered stems in profusion over shrub, and making clouds of colour of subdued and restful tints. Flame-flowers (Kniphofias), or Tritomas as they were formerly named, are splendid in a group, and the Tea Roses still offer their dainty flowers in abundance, providing precious material to gather for the house. Perennial Sunflowers, the Colchicums and Autumn Crocuses, early Chrysanthemums of effective kinds for colour, Scarlet Lobelia, and many things that linger from the summer are with us, and make gardens as enjoyable as the woodland, now changing to a glorious dress of crimsons and browns.

THE FLAME-FLOWERS.

No autumn garden is complete without these noble flowers, so worthily compared to flames of fire. A mass of some fine kind—Nobilis, for instance—viewed from a distance, may be likened to flames, so brilliant is the colouring. We once saw a large group of them in a Sussex garden from a hill opposite, and were surprised at so rich a mass of colour. They are hardy if planted in good strong, well enriched soil, deep, and protected in severe winters with a covering of coal ashes or similar material over the crowns. Usually, however, this is unnecessary, but it is always wise to prepare for exceptional weather, and the loss of large groups is a misfortune. The old Flame-flower, or Red-hot Poker plant, as we have heard it called, is Tritoma or Kniphofia Uvaria, and we give the two names, as in catalogues and books, they are described as the one or the other. Of T. Uvaria there is a splendid variety called Nobilis, which will send up big spikes of rich orange red 6ft. and even 8ft. in height. This, too, is one of the hardiest and most vigorous of the family, increases freely, and, placed in front of evergreen shrubs, gains in richness of colour. Grandiflora and glaucescens are equally effective, and forms also of T. Uvaria. T. caulescens, Macowani, a dwarf apricot-coloured kind, Nelsoni, Rooperi, and Saundersi, are beautiful too. Then we have a glorious hybrid race, which give considerable variety in colour, from yellow through richest orange to crimson, and this hybridising does not seem to have affected their hardiness. We will not weary readers with names, but may point out that of these one called Obelisk, a beautiful golden yellow hybrid, and Pfizeri, intense scarlet and yellow, should not be forgotten.

THE BLUE SPRUCE.

One of the most beautiful of the Spruces is the silvery variety of Abies pungens named Argentea. Where the soil is naturally peaty and the climate satisfies the Conifer race, this may be planted without fear of unhappy results. Every shoot is as if covered with hoar frost, and this peculiarly beautiful silvery effect is constant if the plant is a seedling and not grafted upon the common Spruce Fir.

SPIRÆA ANTHONY WATERER.

This charming dwarf shrub, a variety of S. Bumalda, is still flowering, having maintained a succession of bloom from early summer. It is extremely vigorous, and what is as important, the flowers are of a valuable colour, deep crimson, which makes a bed of it as bright as of any hardy plant.

SUMMER BEDS ON THE LAWN.

The illustration this week teaches one important lesson—the bold grouping of summer flowers upon the outskirts of the lawn. Here we have velvety turf enriched with flowers of tall growth, heightened in colour by the trees and shrubs in the vicinity. This massing of tall plants in positions such



Copyright. "BEDS OF SUMMER FLOWERS." "Country Life."

as indicated in the illustration is a thousand times preferable to cutting up the turf into small finicking beds in which Pelargonium, blue Lobelia, or the common things we see in almost every garden irritate one by their constant repetition and sameness.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall be pleased to assist any reader who requires advice in gardening in any of its branches.

THE HERRING HARVEST.



Bevan

UNDER SAIL.

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AS the late autumn days are shortening and frost survives the dawn, the East Anglians gather in their silvery harvest. When the east winds have driven the last visitors back from the golf links, and the bathing-machines are hauled out of reach of wintry tides, then the herring luggers glide between the Lowestoft piers and steer for the herring grounds.

These grounds lie from three to forty miles from harbour, and the whereabouts of the shoals are determined by the movements of the birds that prey on them. Science will, one of these days, clear up many of the mysteries that at present obscure the feeding, breeding, and wandering of these valuable fish. Indeed, a most elaborate work on the subject, a work carefully compiled and sumptuously illustrated, is even now being written on the little island of Heligoland; and if the second volume is only as good as the first, it is to be hoped that an English translation

may be issued to bring the book within reach of readers in this country.

Meanwhile much uncertainty prevails on the life history of the herring, and the fishing-grounds, instead of being chosen on scientific principles, are still found, as I said before, in the old stereotyped way, by the plunging of gannets and the diving of cormorants. Although they appropriate their full share of the spoil, it can well be spared, and so long as these valuable and trustworthy allies of the fishermen remain to indicate the whereabouts of the passing shoals, no fault can be found with this time-honoured method; but there are signs of the increase of the pot-hunter, who, scared off the land by the law, may turn his attention and his hired fowling-piece to the unprotected seabirds. Should he do so, the fishermen may in no distant future lose the feathered friends on whom they have learnt to count for help. Quite apart from the fate of the birds, it seems a cruel thing that the week's amusement of a Cockney should be purchased at such a price, but the law is slow to take account of such distinctions.

At length the grounds are reached, and the drift-nets, a couple of miles all told (or 150 to 200 nets, each twenty yards on the rope), are shot over the bow, while the lugger, her sails taken in, her foremast lowered in a crutch, drives astern. The drift-net is nothing more than a floating wall, the upper edge of which, its course marked on the surface by kegs and corks, is sunk a fathom or so in the water. Behind this wall of meshes drives the lugger, helpless as a derelict,



Bevan.

LEAVING THE HARBOUR.

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and at the mercy of the wind and tide. Full tilt against this death-dealing barrier come the herrings, and the yielding mesh tightens behind each gill-cover.

When all the nets are out—a performance that requires the co-operation of six hands out of the eight—the headline is made fast, and the crew turn their attention to tea, tobacco, or sleep, as fancy dictates, and the lugger pitches, gently or otherwise, in the wake of its death-trap. For the uninitiated the motion is not altogether a delight. There are degrees of villainy in the antics of vessels on the sea. The



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NETS ON THE QUAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

extreme wickedness of the kind with which I am acquainted is that of a lightship in a ground-swell at the moment when either chain fetches up taut with a jerk from stem to stern. Pending this extreme test, a 30-ton lugger jolting in a lumpy sea should be experience enough for the average stomach.

At length, after an interval of three hours or twelve, according to the chances of a good haul, the order is given to get in the nets, and, as this means as much water aboard as fish, oilskins are got out. Merrily revolves the capstan, and the nets, emptied of their fish by a dexterous jerk that shoots them on deck and into the hold, are swiftly stowed away below. The shoals, moving in one direction, strike one side only of the net, so that the fish are easily dislodged, their own weight helping. The drift-net is practically useless, save under cover of darkness, and even the "briming" or phosphorescence of the water, or an unusually bright moon, is not without its prejudicial effect on the catch. When the nets are all in, herrings and herrings' scales are everywhere—the sails



Bevan.

HERRING ON THE QUAY.

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and spars are covered, and even the oilskins glisten in the moonlight like coats of mail. Then the boat either returns at once to port, or else stays out for another night and doubles her catch. A "last" — nominally 10,000, but actually, on an extension of the baker's dozen principle, nearer thirteen—of fish is not a bad night's work, and these may fetch, at the auction on the quay, any price from 5s. per 1,000 to 25s. Damaged fish are useless for the market, and not a few suffer on removal from the nets, while others are washed out within reach of the gulls and gannets that hover with loud screaming just clear of the gunwale.

When the luggers, of which there are about 200 registered at the port of Lowestoft, are back in port, the fish are washed free of salt in tubs of water and scaled. Those intended for curing then have the gills removed, after which they are spitted in rows on sticks and placed across rafters in the smoke. The time they are allowed to smoke depends on how long they are required to keep. Yarmouth bloaters, which have attained a world-wide celebrity, have only been prepared since the thirties, and the present method of curing them was, if we may believe local tradition, discovered by accident. I give the suggestion for what it is worth, for this accidental discovery is attributed to nine-tenths of the world's great inventions.

The restfulness of the luggers in port is in striking contrast with their rough-and-tumble experiences out on the deep, and those who take only a fair-weather interest in the fishermen and their craft, and have never passed windy nights aboard the dimly-lighted tossing fleet miles from land, can form no idea of the hardships of this ill-paid toil. Yet the men and boys employed in the fishing, seven men and a boy to each boat, are not a discontented lot.

They have, it is true; their little peculiarities. Who is there among us has not? They resent, for instance, the presence in those waters of the hundred or so Scotch boats that repair thither to take part in the gathering in of the harvest, and utter protests as fervent as if they themselves had never netted Mount's Bay on a Cornish Sabbath.

But their privations are not few. One night the nets draw practically a blank in this terrible lottery. The next, should Nature be in one of her ironical moods, the catch is so appalling that the nets are all but carried away, and two-thirds of the fish must be sacrificed. The mass of fish puts the finishing touch



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LUGGERS IN THE HARBOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

on the weak spots of the older nets; sharks and dogfish tear great holes in those that are new and strong, and give work to the menders on the quay. Again, steam-carriers, which are extensively employed in the trawl-fishery, would here swallow up the profits, and so a calm intervening between the well-laden boat and the distant market may make all the difference in ultimate prices. Vessels, under steam or sail, forge across the floating nets and tear them grievously, even if they spare the helpless lugger. How different is the feeling aboard the frail craft at the mercy of wind, wave, and the passing stranger, and on the great steamer that ploughs her moonlit course through the picturesque fleet. The fisherman's cup is almost full, and the damage done by passing vessels, passing sharks, and passing porpoises must help fill it.

Fortunately, the herring is so extraordinarily prolific that there seems hitherto but little falling off in the supply, and our seas continue to give employment to vast fleets and a considerable population. The exact fecundity of this capricious wanderer is a matter of conjecture, and it is unnecessary to quote estimates of the number of eggs in a hard roe from the records of those who have made a special study of its reproduction. Suffice it to say that, accidents to the eggs and alevins notwithstanding, the herring holds its own against the seine and drift-

nets of man, the teeth of hake, cod, and porpoise, the bills of gannet and cormorant. It has been contended that its continual journeying from place to place is in part to thank for its survival in the face of odds that in any restricted area must soon prove insuperable. This, however, appears a fallacious argument, for the shoals, attended by a greedy camp-following of fish and fowl, must everlastingly expose themselves to the unsated appetites of fresh persecutors.

Lowestoft and Yarmouth are but the centre of one branch of our herring fisheries. There are other headquarters of the industry further north, at Wick and Fraserburgh, and further south, on the Cornish Coast, between Plymouth and the Land's End. But little love is lost between the representatives of each district, and many will remember the unfortunate Newlyn riots, provoked by the presence of Suffolk luggers on the coast of the duchy on Sundays, as well as the retaliation on West Country boats that appeared on



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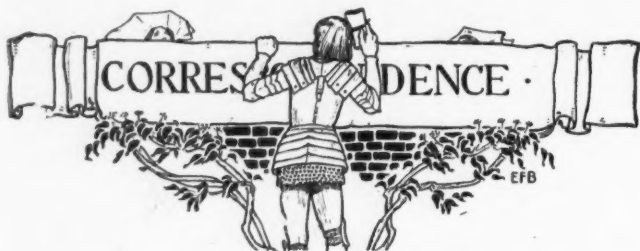
MENDING TIME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the East Coast later in 1896 and 1897. The Scotch boats are equally hated off both Suffolk and Cornwall, and equally in both places do they often make the best catches.

The average visitor to Lowestoft sees little or nothing of the annual herring fishery, for it commences only as he is returning to his inland haunts, and is not in full swing until he is looking forward to his Christmas holiday. A quaint old spot is this place, with a strange mingling of salt water and fresh, and a corresponding medley of sea and river fish, that I only remember seeing equalled at a little watering-place high up the Baltic, where, without shifting his foot a yard, the angler, standing on a pier at a river's mouth, could catch roach, plaice, perch, and sea-bullheads.

F. G. AFLALO.



LILY-GROWING IN CASKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph taken at Heatherbank, Weybridge Heath, by my son, Mr. Scott B. Wilson, to show *L. speciosum rubrum* grown in a cask with the bottom out. Some years ago I recommended this mode of cultivation where it was wished to grow lilies near trees or bushes, and it has proved a success. When I first tried it, Mr. Ingram, of Belvoir Gardens, on seeing it, said, "I shall adopt it." The only drawbacks to it that I have found are that watering must be carefully looked to, as no water can drain in from the adjoining ground, and that after a year or two the shrub and tree-roots find their way, to a certain extent, under the bottom of the tub. I am now trying casks without taking out the bottoms or boring holes in them, but putting pieces of stone about 8 in. in depth at the bottom



of the casks. This will, I think, prevent any fear of water-logging the roots of the lilies, and will keep all tree-roots out. I find old paraffin oil casks the cheapest, and to answer well; the plants in casks stoned as above are so far in perfect health, though they have been well watered during the dry season.—GEORGE F. WILSON.

RAPID GROWTH OF HERBACEOUS PLANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly advise as to the best plants for rapid growth and a blaze of colour, so as to produce the effect in the photograph of Park Place, reproduced in COUNTRY LIFE of August 27th.—SUBSCRIBER.

[We forwarded a copy of our correspondent's letter to Mr. Percy Noble, who has been kind enough to give the following information: In reply to

your enquiry, the following is a list of plants used in my herbaceous garden at Park Place, from which the photograph reproduced in COUNTRY LIFE of August 27th was taken. I may say that up to the middle of March the ground formed part of the kitchen garden. It is bounded on one side and end by an old garden wall covered with fruit trees, and on the other by a hedge of sweet peas. A grass walk runs straight through it, entering by a rustic archway, and leading to a seat and hop-covered arbour at bottom. The flower-border on one side is double the width of the other. Most of the herbaceous plants were taken from old-established plants existing in other parts of the garden; in addition to, and among these, autumn-sown annuals in considerable variety were liberally planted. These made a great display from the middle of May to the middle of July, and were followed by spring-sown annuals of all the best kinds, either sown where they were to flower, or what is, in most cases, better, from successions sown in a reserve garden and transplanted when and where wanted. This prevents patches of bare ground being seen. There are a few things, such as poppies, that do better sown where they are to flower, if properly thinned; but, generally speaking, transplanting is the best and most convenient way to fill up vacancies as they occur. It involves considerable time and attention, but it is quite worth the trouble. Owing to the recent abnormally dry weather, it has been difficult to keep up the display, many herbaceous perennials giving up. Among the annuals that have withstood the drought best are: Zinnias, helichrysums, Phlox Drummondii, nasturtiums, salpiglossis, scabious, annual larkspurs, corn-flowers, marigolds, especially the variety Legion of Honour. Seedling petunias have quite revelled in the dry weather. The many fine annual as well as perennial sunflowers, Michaelmas daisies, tritomas, montbretias, rudbeckias, Japanese anemones, colchicums, etc., are, notwithstanding the intense heat, making a good show. It is intended to enlarge the garden considerably. Many kinds of bulbs will be planted, so that a considerable improvement is anticipated next year. The object is to keep up a continuous display of bloom, with as much variety as possible from earliest spring to latest autumn.

PERENNIALS.

Phloxes.	Ænotheras.	Polyanthus.
German iris.	Doronicums.	Primroses.
Pæonies.	Coreopsis.	Carnations.
Golden rod.	Pyrethrums.	Violas, many sorts.
Rudbeckias.	Anemones.	Pansies.
Helianthus.	Iceland poppies.	Daisies.
Pentstemons.	Oriental "	Pinks.
Solomon's Seal.	Spiraeas.	Corydalis.
Achilleas.	Sidalceas.	Sedums.
Montbretias.	Geums.	Aubrietias.
Campanulas.	Saxifragas.	Madonna lilies.
Columbines.	Lychnis.	Hollyhocks.
Michaelmas daisies.	Gladiolus.	Foxgloves.
Centaureas.	Hyacinthus.	Sweet Williams.
Echinops.	Scarlet lobelia.	Wallflowers.
Eryngiums.	Ribbon grass.	Forget-me-nots.
Gypsophyllas.	Dicentras.	Honesty.
Veronicas.	Alyssum.	Antirrhinums.
Tritomas.	Arabis.	Gaillardias.
Delphiniums.	Iberis.	Rockets.

ANNUALS.

Sweet peas.	Clarkias.	Lavateras.
Annual larkspurs.	Sweet Sultan.	Lupines, annual.
Phlox Drummondii.	Collinsias.	Malope.
Salpiglossis.	Nemophilas.	Virginian stock.
Jacobæas.	Cornflowers.	Mignonette.
Nasturtiums, tall.	Dianthus.	Nemesias.
" dwarf.	Coreopsis, annual.	Saponarias.
Convolvulus major.	Zinnias.	Leptosiphon.
" minor.	Eschscholtzias.	Silene.
Linarias.	Erysimum.	Platystemon.
Linums.	Clintonias.	Sanvitalia.
Annual chrysanthemums.	Eutoca.	Scabious.
Stocks.	Lasthenia.	Specularia.
Asters.	Limnanthes.	Canary creeper.
Love-in-a-mist.	Marigolds.	Annual sunflowers.
Candytufts.	Helichrysums.	Phacelia.
Love-lies-bleeding.	Rhodanthes.	Viscaria.
Poppies, all sorts.	Cosmos.	Asperula.
Godetias.	Alyssum, sweet.	

PROSPECTS OF FIG CULTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Many of your readers besides myself must have noticed the uncommon excellence this season of the figs. They are full and luscious almost beyond what I ever remember their being before. Now, Sir, there is but little doubt of the reason of this—it is a consequence of the late spring keeping back the young growth, and the subsequent warmth and sun of the late summer and early autumn, which has been more like Italy than England. There seems to be very little doubt that our climate is gradually changing, that the springs are becoming more backward, and that the warmth of summer is coming to us later in the year. We know that our island used to grow valuable out-of-door vines. All these reasons seem to me to combine to show that it will be wise for us to pay more attention to outdoor fig culture, whether against walls or as standard trees, than we have been accustomed to do. I think this suggestion may perhaps be followed with advantage by some of your readers, and I intend following it myself.—F. L. M.

[We are obliged by "F. L. M.'s" letter, but are inclined to think that his inference is perhaps not drawn from a sufficient number of observed summers to warrant experimenting with figs on a large scale, or expecting any great profit from their culture. It is true that a very careful observer has lately surprised us by the statement that in September of 1895 the thermometer rose to over eighty in the shade, on no less than ten days, in our islands, which would seem to countenance the view of "F. L. M."; but we are disposed to think that our observations must extend over a considerable stretch of years before we can safely infer any permanent change in our seasons.—ED.]

PLANTING SPANISH IRISES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be glad if you could give me advice through your columns as to the best way of preparing a bed for Spanish irises; and also could you recommend me to a good firm from whom to obtain roots?—CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

[Few bulbs require less culture than the Spanish iris. It will succeed almost anywhere, but not in damp, low-lying, or shady places. Well-drained beds or borders, where the soil is light and warm, are the positions for these bulbs. They should be planted in quantity to get rich effects, and they happily fill a season when the flowers of spring have in a large measure departed, and those of summer scarcely opened. The flower colouring is very beautiful and varied. As regards firms to purchase from, we never recommend individuals, but Kelway, Barr, Sutton, Carter, Garaway, or any that advertise will supply you with what you want. We saw this year a mass of Spanish irises amongst bush fruits, and thought the effect very pretty, and these flowers helped to supply the house.—ED.]

ANOTHER CURIOUS NESTING-PLACE.

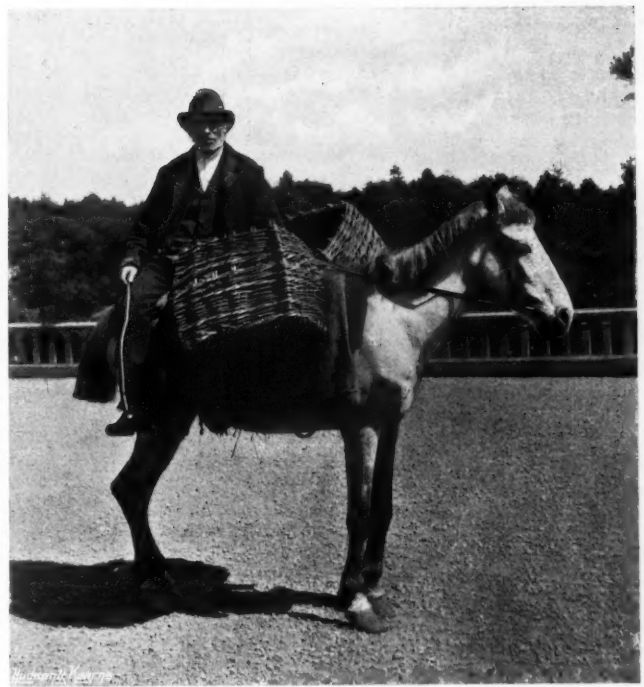
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is a public park here, in which is a small artificial lake, where a number of swans, geese, ducks, etc., are kept, and they get very tame, as they are so much fed and petted. Amongst them are some Muscovy ducks, and one of these ducks has made her nest in a hole in the trunk of an old oak tree, 20ft. from the ground, where she is now sitting. A board has been partially nailed over the hole to prevent boys from damaging the tree by throwing stones in, so that there is only just room for the duck to fly in, and the board forms an effectual screen to hide her from view. I only discovered it by seeing her fly in and disappear one evening, and I do not think the park gardener has found it out, or I suppose he would remove the eggs.—E. H. (Victoria, B.C.).

GRASS SNAKE AND TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am afraid the conclusions drawn by "F. L. M." from the curious encounter he witnessed between a grass snake and a trout are not quite to the point. The aimless and stupid manner in which the trout swam round and round after it had nearly become a victim of the snake was not due to any fascinating power on the part of the latter, I think, but simply to the effect of the adventure on the nervous system of the fish. I remember when a boy I often caught trout in a small and narrow brook near Zurich, in the most primitive of all ways—viz., with my hands. If I put my arm into one of the numerous narrow holes underneath the banks of the brook, and felt a trout, or if I chased one about in one of the small pools, I knew I should finally be able to catch it, because they all behaved in the same way. At first it was most difficult to get hold of the fish, which possessed its full vigour at the outset of the struggle. But after my hand had touched and seized it over and over again, the trout evidently lost its nerve, and at last was quite easy to take. The trout of "F. L. M.," having had a rather disagreeable time in the snake's mouth, no doubt fell into the same benumbed state as the victims of my early attempts at trout-fishing. That the dainty trout has other strange enemies besides snakes and small boys is proved by a letter which appeared lately in the *St. Moritz Alpine Post*. The writer witnessed a crow (he calls it erroneously a raven) swooping down on the surface of the Sils Lake (Engadine) and taking a moderately-sized trout out of the water.—H. A.



AN UNDISTRESSED IRISHMAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—So much has been said and written lately on the subject of distress among the Irish peasantry in the West of Ireland, that I cannot help thinking it will be quite a pleasant change to see the accompanying photograph taken from life of an undistressed Irish peasant. Old Pat Murray has been a familiar figure for many years in the neighbourhood of Killala and Ballina, where he earns an honest livelihood by hawking his fish. One would naturally suppose that the Killala fishermen supply him with his well-filled panniers. Not so; the inhabitants of that picturesque old town above the wide bay are not sufficiently fond of exerting themselves, and would rather spend their days for the most part in gazing at the sea than in trying to reap any of its rich harvest. All the fish sold by the old man is taken in Lacken Bay, about six miles beyond Killala and twelve from Ballina. The venerable pony and his quaint companion are always welcome sights, and at my home, where his portrait was taken, he is invariably well received, given food and rest, and a good price for his fish. In these days, when so much is heard about the "distressed country," it is as well to know that there is another side to the question, though it does not generally appear in print, and old Murray is a living example of it—a cheerful, hard-working, and consequently undistressed Irishman.—A. M. SAUNDERS KNOX-GORE.



"The Elder Miss Blossom."

HERE we have to consider the play as a vehicle for the expression of a great artist's powers. It is one of those rare occasions when the play is not quite the thing; when it is the player on whose genius depends the major part of that composite affair, a stage presentation. It is fortunate for "The Elder Miss Blossom," presented at the St. James's Theatre, that this is so; for while the work of Mr. Ernest Hendrie and Mr. Metcalfe Wood is a pretty and interesting little piece in its way, the plane of its success would be immeasurably lower than it is were there not Mrs. Kendal to vivify the character of its heroine. The play, indeed, is theatrical in its workmanship, a quality not wholly in its disfavour as a theatrical work; but, were it judged by its merits as a piece of theatrical craftsmanship, the entertainment of which it forms a part would be described merely as pleasant and not unattractive; but it is lifted right out of these somewhat negative realms by the superb acting of a great English actress. The entertainment—play and players—becomes an effort of high art, which has to be judged as a piece of realism, a glimpse of Nature—a realism and naturalness always restrained by that splendid art which has no touch of artifice. For half-an-hour, at any rate, the audience at

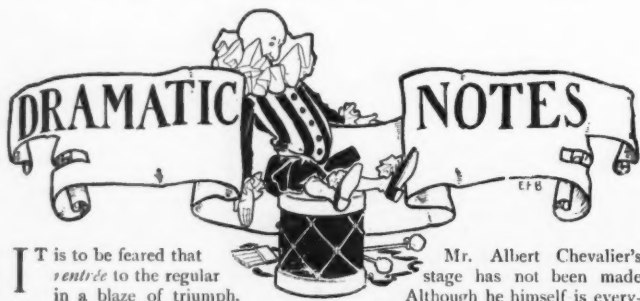
the St. James's Theatre enjoys an intellectual treat, and for this Mrs. Kendal is to be thanked first and foremost, although one must not withhold praise from authors who are able so nicely to gauge the genius of an artist, and to provide her with the opportunity of displaying that genius in so full and varied a form.

Mrs. Kendal returns to us not only with her powers undimmed, but free from certain little tricks and mannerisms which, at one time, threatened to obscure the translucency of her style. She has to portray a middle-aged woman, in whom the charm, and buoyancy, and fascination, and youth have hardly yet matured into the less vivacious attractions of the early forties. She is gay and glad at the thought of the return of the man whose wife she is to be; the wedding presents are scattered around her, the joy-bells are being practised, and the sound floats in with its message of delightful anticipation. She prattles to her brother, to her niece, of the many nobilities of the great traveller who is coming home to claim his bride. For three years she has lived in this hope, growing younger and younger in its brightness. She has fallen beneath the glamour of a great name; she has hardly spoken to the man to whose return she is looking forward with such charming eagerness. As he was departing for his three years' wanderings he sent a letter to the house of her brother, in which he told of his sudden passion, of

its enduring nature, of his ardent wish that on his home-coming she would be his wife. To that letter the elder Miss Blossom sent a reply in which she, too, confessed the sudden capture of her heart, answering his prayer as a lover would wish his prayer to be answered.

It is the day of his arrival; she is wearing her happiest smile, her prettiest dress. The room is sweet with the smell of flowers. She goes to him with her heart upon her sleeve; in her face there is the warmth and the happiness of a woman's first great love. He, poor devil, has just learned the truth—that his letter reached the wrong hands, that the young girl whom he had been waiting to clasp to his arms has never dreamed that it was she he meant. He has come to tell the elder Miss Blossom that it is all a mistake, that he has no love for her, that by a series of pitiful mischances they have both been placed in a horrible dilemma. He is a gentleman; he feels his position acutely, but he feels far more the position of the woman to whom he has to make this awful avowal. From the first start of disappointment at his coolness, Mrs. Kendal takes us through the whole gamut of the emotions which would be felt by such a woman. The gradual dawning of the truth is mirrored in her face, the colour leaves her cheeks, the brightness goes from her eyes, her very actions lose life and animation. In the terrible effort to maintain her self-control, one can feel that her mouth is parched, that she can hardly concentrate her thoughts upon her words. She is assailed in every joint of her woman's armour—her pride, her self-respect, her love, have each received their arrow. From this dazed and numbed condition we follow her through angry railing, involuntary appeal, and, worst of all, the hysterical laughter, the affected gaiety, with which she seeks to hide from him the mortal nature of her wound. The whole scene is a triumph for the actress. The absence of heroics, the modernity of its well-bred restraint, the glimpses of the commonplace in it, all add, by the genius of the actress, to its intense poignancy. It seemed so real and so natural—despite the theatrical conventions on which it is based—that we were carried away, we lost sight of the footlights and seemed to be looking on at one of those little tragedies which are to be met with every day. For those few minutes the play convinced and held us. We forgave the transparency of the devices upon which it rests. Previously, we had been merely amused and interested because we could not forget the theatrical elements of the work; but here we had life as it is, or as it might be, shown to us by the unerring hand of a great artist.

Luckily in this scene and throughout Mrs. Kendal had the assistance of one thoroughly in sympathy and touch with herself. Mrs. Kendal, in a more passive way, helped to make the play an artistic delight. Miss Campbell, Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. Fenton, and Mr. Harding gave to the piece exactly the touch it wanted. Without such acting as it received "The Elder Miss Blossom" would be a clever but conventional work; acted as it is, it becomes fresh and strong and true. B. L.



IT is to be feared that *entrée* to the regular in a blaze of triumph. thing that is to be desired, the entertainment used as a vehicle for the display of his various accomplishments is not one that lends a lustre to them, or gives any great attraction independently of them. In fact, "The Land of Nod," the musical play by Mr. Chevalier and Mr. Alfred West, is rather a poor thing, and just at present the Royalty Theatre offers no very startling attractions to the playgoing public. However, there may be a large number of people who have heard of his reputation at the music-halls, of which they are not frequenters, and they may be anxious to make his acquaintance in a playhouse.

"The Land of Nod" is, for the most part, a dream, in which Mr. Chevalier, an old Professor, falls beneath the sway of an Eastern disciple of occultism, and is made to represent in turn his own butler, a "coon," a French singer, and an eccentric musical conductor. In all these Mr. Chevalier shines, but the effulgence is hardly sufficiently dazzling to blind us to the weariness of the piece as a whole. There is a small but capable and pretty chorus of Eastern hours; the music of Mr. West, though it has two or three bright moments, is not excessively inspiring, and the rest of the Royalty company have no chance of displaying whatever abilities they may possess.

The time has arrived for London to become infected with "The Three Musketeers" fever. It is by no means unlikely, as was hinted here recently, that two versions of the same story will be running side by side, one at Her Majesty's and one at another West End theatre, not yet decided upon. Mr. Tree is now busily engaged in making his preparations for his own grand production of Mr. Sydney Grundy's play, and a cast of quite wonderful excellence will interpret the romance when we see it at Her Majesty's. Interest, of course, centres round Mr. Tree's D'Artagnan. Whether Mr. Lewis Waller will play Buckingham or Athos rests with himself; ere these lines are in type he will have made his choice; in any case his performance is bound to be full of fire and

individuality. The Miladi of Mrs. Brown Potter is the "dark horse" of the production. Mrs. Potter cannot be anything but interesting when she is on the stage; whether she will endow this wonderful character with any more striking qualities, of course remains to be seen; she has the knowledge that a great part of the success of the piece is dependent upon her.

Mr. McLeay's Richelieu is another assumption which we are all very anxious to know more about. From what we have seen of Mr. McLeay already, we expect very great things indeed from him. The Nero of "The Sign of the Cross," the Farmer Stokes of "Ragged Robin," and the Cassius of "Julius Caesar," is now to be the Cardinal of Dumas, a part which it certainly seems should suit him to perfection. Mr. Tree has made another of his daring engagements in asking Miss Mabel Love to undertake the role of D'Artagnan's lady-love, Constance. Londoners know Miss Love chiefly as a dancer, and an actress in lighter musical plays; but Miss Love's ambition does not lie that way at all, and it was her performance on tour in Mr. Grundy's comedy, "A Marriage of Convenience," which won the author's approval to such an extent that he earnestly advised Mr. Tree to secure her for "The Musketeers." Altogether, the cast is one of quite exceptional novelty and interest, and it will be very surprising if, with Mr. Grundy to write the play, and such a company to perform it, and with the mounting it will receive at Her Majesty's, "The Musketeers," as this version is to be called, is not another triumph for the theatre.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has revived at the Criterion Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's perennial comedy, "The Liars," and judging from the reception it gained on the first night of its reproduction, there is no reason whatever why it should not proceed gaily upon its career for several more hundreds of nights. Superficial and in some ways unpleasant as the piece is, there is no denying its amusing qualities or its brilliant language. To discuss the morality of "The Liars" would be to break a butterfly upon a wheel, and that is always a thankless and somewhat barbarous task. The piece retains all its buoyancy and élan. Mr. Wyndham returns, still brimming over with life and spirits, with every now and then a touch of pathos, which is none the less sincere and attractive because it is so light and unobtrusive. There are no half measures about Mr. Wyndham—he never shirks, never slurs, never loses his grip; the picture has not become blurred by the process of time; every little point is made with unerring art, and the result is that Mr. Wyndham's very latest good fairy continues to be, as all his other good fairies have been, a very delightful creation. Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Leslie Kenyon, and Mr. Vane Tempest come back with their delicate little Society silhouettes, as amusing and as clear-cut as before. Mr. Herbert Standing and Mr. Alfred Bishop resume their old parts with their old excellence. Miss Cynthia Brooke, the one lovable woman in the play, gives to a small character that sense of dignity and feminine charm which provide an admirable contrast to the feine and popinjay attributes of all the others.

CYCLING NOTES.

FROM far-away Galashiels comes an extraordinary story of anti-cycling prejudice which one would have thought absolutely impossible at this period of the pastime's growth. A lady cyclist, it appears, was riding past a farmstead, when she met an old woman who was carrying a bundle of willow wands for basket-making under her arm. To the cyclist's surprise and discomfort, the old woman drew one of the wands out of the bundle and began to belabour the lady with extreme vigour. It is stated that had not a third party appeared upon the scene, and caused the old termagant to desist, the cyclist would have fared very badly. There must be but few districts in the British Isles where the sight of a fair wheel-woman could excite an outburst of this kind, although, at the same time, it must be admitted that it is not very long ago that many a materfamilias was heard declaring that "no daughter of hers would ever be seen on a bicycle!"

The candidates' list in the October issue of the Cyclists' Touring Club *Gazette* is of goodly proportions considering the time of the year, and the total membership must now be about 54,000. Among the better-known names are those of Countess Grosvenor, Lady Lindsay, the Hon. C. M. Grenfell, the Hon. Miss V. Mills, the Earl of Dundonald, the Hon. Mrs. H. Laurence, Count and Countess de Morella, Countess M. Hoyos, Baron Sekendorf, and Lady Hayes.

The special figures forwarded to the *Gazette* by the general manager of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway as to the cycle traffic on that line are distinctly startling. Mr. J. B. Gooday, the gentleman in question, writes as follows:—"It may be interesting to you to know that on this line in July last we conveyed 43,068 bicycles (including mail-carts), and in August I anticipate the number will exceed 50,000. Seeing that we have to carry these without any warning (as, for instance, when the weather sets in wet), you will understand the difficulty we have experienced in dealing with the traffic." The *Gazette* drops somewhat heavily upon this statement, and regards it as an object-lesson on the subject of railway incompetence. The contention it is argued, show only too clearly that there is a sufficiency of bicycle traffic to justify the provision of special accommodation for machines. As a rule, it is argued, it is not lack of room for his machine which the cyclist has to complain of, but lack of means for the maintaining of the cycle in position. The only rider I should be disposed to add to this contention is with regard to suburban traffic, which does present some practical difficulty, inasmuch as the trains are necessarily very long, and the vans very short accordingly. On main line trains, however, there is not the slightest difficulty as regards mere room, but no man can guarantee that his machine will not be badly scraped, to say the least, before arriving at his journey's end.

A good deal has appeared of late in the daily Press as to the distress among cycle workers at Coventry, a fact which is regrettable enough, but is by no means to be regarded as an indication of the decline of the pastime. The present state of affairs is merely the natural outcome of the boom of 1896, when makers were so utterly bewildered by the inrush of orders that they took steps to greatly increase their facilities for manufacture. All the schemes then set afoot, in the way of new factories and the like, have since matured, and as they were being hatched simultaneously, there was no means of determining the extent of the increased accommodation. Experience has now shown that too much was attempted in this line, and that though the demand for cycles has gone on increasing at a steady rate, the supply has at length overtaken the demand. As regards Coventry itself, the fact has to be remembered that it is no longer the sole hive of the cycle industry, and that it has most formidable rivals in Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, and elsewhere.

Perhaps as accurate and temperate a view of the situation as any is that contained in the following passage from a leading article in the *Coventry Times*:—"The cycle trade is always dull at this season of the year; but we are assured that it is no quieter than usual. We are told, too, on the best authority, that the season has not been a bad one; that it has been fully equal to the average. This we may well believe. The probability is that there have been more machines sold this year than ever before. But the orders, as we intimate, have been more widely distributed. Coventry has not had the monopoly it formerly enjoyed; but for all that its manufacturers have had a good slice of the business

passing, and will do so, we believe, again. The trouble is in the present. Many artisans at present with idle hands will, we trust, before the winter be passed, find work—if not in Coventry, in other towns. It is unpleasant to find employment, whatever the circumstances, so precarious that men have often to go from one place to another seeking it. In this fact lies the futility of Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion that working-men ought to be encouraged to buy their own houses. How few would ever be able to do this, considering the fluctuating character of their means of livelihood, and the frequent necessity of having to change their place of abode?"

THE PILGRIM.

THE EXHIBITION COLLIE.

A FEW issues ago we published some illustrations of the unkempt working sheepdog as he may be found in his native Scotland and many parts of England; and now, by way of providing a contrast, which may enable our readers to draw mental comparisons between the workman and the swell, we lay before them the likenesses of some of the best show dogs of the breed. The evolution of the collie is, it may be primarily observed, one of the most remarkable results of the modern craze for exhibiting dogs; but it may candidly, though regretfully, be admitted that it is to the highest degree probable that his increase of mental capacity is in many cases in inverse ratio to his development of new beauties. This opinion is probably shared by most of the owners of collies nowadays, as the names of prominent prize-winners are scarcely if ever included amongst those of the competitors at sheepdog trials; though possibly their absence may be due to the fact that it would not be regarded as



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NERO.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a wise policy on the part of the exhibitor if he were to run the risk of injuring a valuable dog by training him to sheep. At the same time, it cannot be denied that queer experiments have been attempted by some persons in the course of their endeavours to produce a collie which should be attractive to the public, and at no time were such practices more prevalent than they were during that unfortunate period of the breed's existence when the collie was regarded as the most fashionable of all canine varieties. This may possibly appear anomalous; but the statement will not be regarded as being so when it is remembered that the public taste of those days was decidedly in favour of a black and tan coloured collie, provided the tan markings were as rich and deep in colour as it was possible to get them. Now a deep or "warm" tan is absolutely unassociated with a pure-bred sheepdog, as in the true collie the tan



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TITAN.

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should be of a pale or clayey hue. Still the requirements of the public had to be supplied, and the result was that breeders crossed their dogs with Gordon setters, which assisted in the acquisition of the rich-coloured tan, but unfortunately introduced heavy saddle-flap ears, thin coats, and a great deal too much feather on the back of the legs, as the feathering of the true collie does not extend down to the feet, as it does in the case of the setter.

Another result of the admixture of setter blood with the black and tan collies was the increased attention paid by practical sheepdog breeders to the sable-coloured animals, which now so greatly outnumber those of any other shade of coat, but which were not much encouraged twenty years ago. Consequently in the present day the black and tans and tri-colours are by comparison with the sables very scarce, though there are evidences that the time is rapidly approaching when they will once more be received into the favour of the leading collie breeders. At the same time, it may be said that, except when the deep Gordon setter tan appears, there is very little in the colour of a collie to influence a judge, unless it be the dictates of the prevailing fashion, which are always more or less capricious.

Most excellent jet black collies have been known, and several admirers of the breed, amongst them Her Majesty the Queen, possess white specimens without a coloured hair about them. Many high prizes have also been awarded to black and white collies, and a few years ago a peculiarly coloured lavender and white dog was a prime favourite with some judges. Then, too, the bluish-grey sheepdogs, called "mired" coloured ones, have been always with us, and are still more admired if they happen to possess one—not



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THE KENNEL FAVOURITES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

two — wall or china - coloured eye. Having thus attempted to show that the colour of a collie is practically an immaterial consideration, provided that he is not dark in his tan, it may be pointed out that a great deal of importance attaches to his coat, which in the case of the rough dogs should, so far as the outer one is concerned, be luxuriant, rather coarse to the touch, and lie perfectly flat, there being a decided rough or frill upon the chest. The under coat is short and dense like sealskin, and this is a characteristic of the smooth-coated collies, which possess no outer coat to speak of, whilst it may be added that it is quite possible to breed both roughs and smooths in the same litter. The head of the collie is another very important point in his conformation, as the skull should not be too narrow, neither should it be rounded or domed upon the top, as is noticeable in some specimens which are met with. In such cases there is often a suspicion that Borzoi or Russian wolfhound blood has been introduced, with the object of increasing the length of the head; and if so, the intelligence of the animals will be much impaired, for the Borzoi, by comparison with the collie, is a fool. The muzzle of the collie should be of fair length, and there should be no falling away under the eyes or snipeyness about it, whilst the expression of the eyes should be soft, intelligent, and languishing, and they should not be of a yellow hue, which detracts considerably from the appearance of the dog. The ears should be fine, and carried in a semi-erect position, with the tips pointing forward when the animal is excited, a heavy pendulous ear like that of the setter being a decided blemish to its possessor. The back of a collie should be short and powerful, his legs quite straight, his feet compact, with his hind legs well bent and his tail carried low in the shape of a scimitar; whilst a peculiarity of his movements is the curious wolf-like sort of swinging skulk which he affects, and which is never visible



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"COUNTRY LIFE."

in a Borzoi-bred dog, the gait of the Russian animal resembling far more that of the greyhound than of the sheepdog.

From the above it will be seen that the greatest differences exist between the exhibition sheepdog of the day and the animals which assist their masters upon the hillsides; but it may cheerfully be added, that although the modern, or shall we say the improved, collie is the delicately nurtured favourite of his owner, whilst the other has a hard life of it from the first, the former, in many instances, would be quite as capable of doing a day's work on sheep as the latter, if he were properly trained for the work. Conspicuous amongst the collie breeders of the day who have consistently supported the true type of animal is the Rev. Hans Hamilton, the pre-



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WINNIE AND HER PUPPIES. "COUNTRY LIFE."

sident of the Collie Club, at whose home, near Epsom, many of the choicest specimens of the *fin de siècle* sheepdog may be found. Prominent amongst them is

WOODMANSTERNE TITAN, a twenty months' old sable and white dog, which won the Collie Club Derby at the last Kennel Club Show, and possesses the distinction of being an own brother to Ormskirk Emerald, which is the highest-priced specimen of the breed ever known, having changed hands at something like £1,500 a year or so ago. Conspicuous amongst the good points of Titan are his excellent head, the beauties of which are somewhat obscured in the illustration owing to his wide-open mouth and his perfectly flat coat, which is absolutely free from curl.

The black and tan WOODMANSTERNE NERO, a prominent prize-taker at the Collie Club Show, is a black and tan of excellent shape, and his likeness will convey an excellent idea of the correct expression of countenance and the true pale tan markings to our readers; whilst WOODMANSTERNE ION, a tri-colour puppy, appears as an admirable illustration of a most promising young collie during the hobble-dehoy period of his career, as he is, so to speak, all legs and wings; but his coat, shape, length of head and skull,



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IN THE GRASS RUN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

could scarcely be improved upon even as he is. The admirable likeness of three kennel favourites depicts the first and last mentioned collies, together with the well-known and very typical bitch Sylvia, who is now bringing up a promising litter of puppies by Champion Wellesbourne Conqueror; whilst in the foreground lies the kennel terrier, which is kept for ratting purposes.

The remaining illustrations will speak for themselves, but they combine with the others in supplying reliable information to prospective collie breeders regarding not only the desired structural formation of first-rate specimens of the breed, but concerning the sort of buildings and the runs which should be provided for the accommodation of such high-class stock. In fact, the kennels of the Rev. Hans Hamilton are likely to be regarded as models for the imitation of collie breeders for many years to come, there being, his friends will be happy to learn, no foundation for the report which got abroad that he was giving up his dogs. The rumour was simply the result of his present determination to reduce a portion of his stud by selling off a few animals in order to make room for puppies, as the resources of his establishment, extensive though they be, are inadequate to accommodate more than a certain number of collies.



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WOODMANSTERNE ION.

"C.L."

ON THE GREEN.

THERE was a mighty upsetting of the apple-cart at St. Andrews when Mr. H. de Zoete won King William IV.'s medal. Before that great day the great men had been doing great things. Mr. F. G. Tait and his brother, playing in a foursome that was nefariously described as a tête-à-tête match, went round the green in 74 on the medal course, a score that is a record for foursome play. Their victims on the occasion were Mr. J. Graham and Mr. C. Hutchings. Mr. Laidlay had been playing a good game, too, and Mr. Balfour-Melville; and Mr. Mure Fergusson, who won this medal last year, was in strong form. Mr. Edward Blackwell was there, driving his longest, and Mr. Ernie Blackwell was playing no less well, if he was not driving so far. But all of these, and many a valiant golfer besides, finished for the great event behind a young and comparatively unknown player, Mr. Hermance Zoete, a member of the Cambridge cricket eleven. It is a wonderful feat for one who is scarcely more than a boy—an undergraduate at any rate—and we doubt whether it is not a record. We cannot recollect that an undergraduate has ever before this won a medal of the Royal and Ancient Club. He is the son of a father very well known in the golfing world, Mr. Walter de Zoete, but the son has now gone one better than the father. Young Mr. de Zoete's score was a really good one, too, better than the prophets had forecast, for the weather, as usual on a St. Andrews medal day, was not too pleasant. His winning round of 80—42 out and 38 home—was fine golf, especially the home-coming half. Up to the sixteenth hole Mr. F. G. Tait's score was exactly equal with Mr. de Zoete's, but at the difficult seventeenth Mr. Tait twice got into trouble, and finished with a seven, making his total two more, at which score, 82, Mr. Balfour-Melville tied with him, and the present and ex-amateur champions had to fight it out for the holding of the second medal on the next day. Mr. Balfour-Melville, with a splendid total

of 162—80 at the spring meeting and 82 now—won the late Mr. George Glennie's medal for the aggregate total. After this tie for second place at 82 there was an interval. Then came Mr. Fowler, remarkably well placed, with 85. Mr. Albert Gray and Mr. Macfie tied at 86. At 87 came Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Edward Blackwell, Mr. Sharp, Mr. David Lyell, and Mr. A. H. Cochrane. At 88 Mr. Ernie Blackwell, Mr. Mure Fergusson, and several more. Mr. W. J. Mure, the newly-elected captain of the club—who for a long time held the record for the Royal and Ancient Club's competitions with 88—was round in 89. Lord Dudley did notably well, for a comparatively young player, in returning a score of 90, in which he found himself in front of many famous golfers. It was curious that Mr. Tait and Mr. Balfour-Melville should find themselves yet again obliged to play off a tie for the St. Andrews medal, for it so happened that they tied for the spring medal of last year, and yet again tied on the first occasion of trying to come to a decision. On the third venture Mr. Tait then won. On this occasion he had the better of Mr. Balfour-Melville all the way, the latter getting into the burn and losing two strokes at the first hole. But Mr. Tait played a fine round of 78, Mr. Balfour-Melville taking 82. On the same afternoon these two went into partnership to play a foursome with Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Fergusson, and won easily enough by four up and three to play.

Of course the chief interest of recent golf has been concentrated on the St. Andrews green, but there have been meetings of interest elsewhere, notably on the Irish links of Newcastle, County Down, where the weather treated the competitors unkindly, but gave J. H. Taylor a chance of showing what a wonderful player he is in rain and wind. His first round of 78 is described to us as simply marvellous golf under the circumstances. Andrew Kirkaldy actually failed to qualify, among the first eight in the score play, to go on into the tournament.

THE YARDLEY YEARLINGS.

IF any man were to ask me how much capital it requires to start a small stud of race-horses, I should name one of several thousands, and if he also asked my advice as to buying yearlings, I should say "don't"—buy ready-made race-horses instead, at any rate to begin with.

If, however, such sales as that of the Yardley yearlings, which took place

at Newmarket last week, were to happen often, I should certainly change my opinion, and advise everyone to start at once by buying yearlings, regardless of what capital they might have. The youngsters of which I am writing consisted of thirteen colts and twenty fillies, all full of the best Yardley blood, and for the most part well-grown, good-looking yearlings. They were not so fat or so

made up as many we are used to see, it is true, nor had they been quite so much handled as might have been advisable; but it was only reasonable to suppose that colts and fillies bred like these were, and full of the best racing blood, would make fair prices, at any rate. Their own brothers and sisters, foals which had been sold at Yardley the week before, had made good prices, and yet at Newmarket these yearlings, out of the same mares, and by the same horses, fetched nothing like so much. The fillies especially were worth buying, if only for stud purposes, but they and the colts were alike given away. There is no doubt that a number of these will make race-horses, and that many of the fillies will some day be distinguished brood mares, so that some people must have got some rare bargains.

A very nice clean filly is that by Pioneer (by Galopin out of Gallinule's dam, Moorhen, by Hermit) from Nepenthe, by Sterling, which fell to Mr. Hunt for 30 guineas. But better still, perhaps, I liked the two chestnut fillies by the same sire out of Teb and Tibby. The first of these is a compact, active young lady, full of quality, and her dam is by Sterling out of Granite, by The Duke, so that she must have been a bargain to Mr. G.



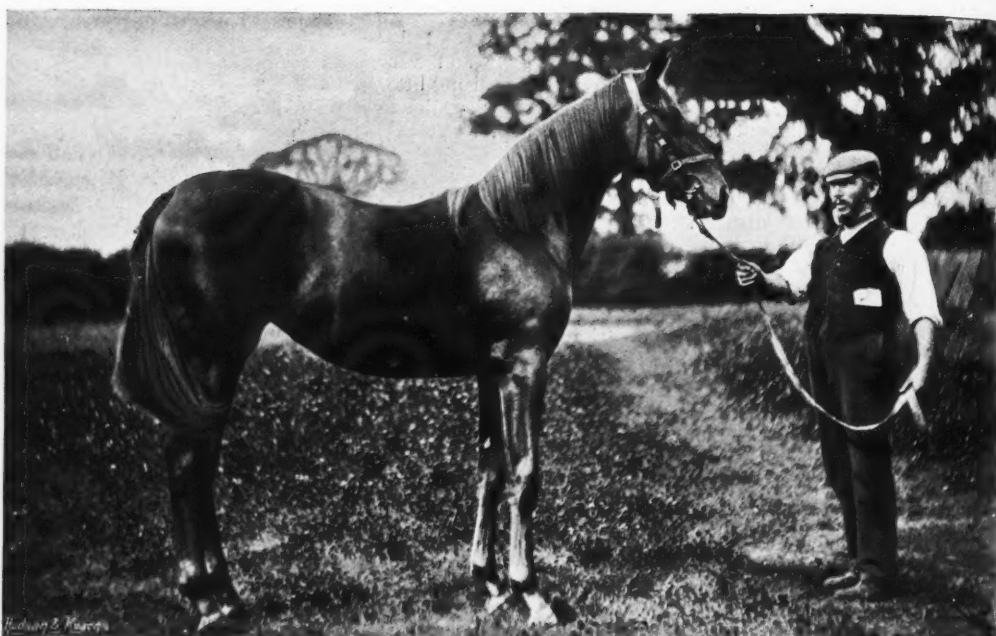
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PIONEER FILLY OUT OF NEPENTHE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Maclachlan at 100 guineas, whilst the other, being a lengthy racing-like sort, out of a mare by Sterling from Siluria, by Lord Clifden out of Mineral, by Rataplan, was worth at least five times the 55 guineas for which Mr. W. E. Elsey became her purchaser. The same gentleman, Mr. Elsey, also got a bargain in the bay filly by Pioneer or McMahon out of Fastness, whilst Mr. G. Maclachlan is not likely to regret his day's work, seeing that he secured a very good colt by McMahon out of Golden Days, by Sterling, for 12 guineas, and two others of the same colour and sex, by Pioneer out of Saponaria, by The Duke, and by McMahon out of Sequana, for 35 guineas each, also a beautifully-bred colt by Pioneer out of Sterling Duchess for a "tenner," and a very racing-like filly by Endurance out of Free, by Plebeian, for 80 guineas. A good bay colt by Pioneer out of Awe, which went to Mr. A. Bailey at 100 guineas, will win races, and no less than eight good yearlings went for a "fiver" apiece.

The stallions were next put up, Captain Machell giving 1,350 guineas for Pioneer, and Mr. Weatherby 600 guineas for Endurance, by Sterling out of the highly-bred Siluria. The former of these has not done much good yet, but he gets very good-looking stock, and I cannot help thinking that he will yet make a name for himself in his new home.



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PIONEER—TEB FILLY.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



WHAT about Dieudonne now? I have often wondered why it was that this horse should have been so written up in the sporting Press ever since he won last year's Middle Park Plate. It ought to have been evident to anyone who saw that race that it was a false-run one, and that Dieudonne was very lucky to win, whilst how anyone could ever have expected that peacocky, softly-bred colt to develop into a stayer has always been a puzzle to me.

Dieudonne does not look like a stayer, he is not bred like one, and he does not go like one, and as he makes a noise as well, it is, of course, impossible that he could be anything but a sprinter. And yet a well-known writer in a weekly contemporary thought that the Duke of Devonshire had thrown away this year's St. Leger by not running his horse. The result of last week's Jockey Club Stakes must surely have dispelled such a notion, even in the minds of Dieudonne's most infatuated admirers. To myself this race has been a very satisfactory one, because, in the first place, I have never ceased to write up Cyllene in these notes, as well as to decry Dieudonne, Wantage, and Ninus. The first of these showed that he is very nearly, if not quite, as good a horse as Galtee More, by the ridiculously easy style in which he polished off Velasquez

and Chelandry, whilst the other three were absolutely the last three of the whole field. Dieudonne's best distance I have always written would be some day found to be six furlongs; Wantage is a horribly misshapen brute; and Ninus I have always put down as a miler at most.

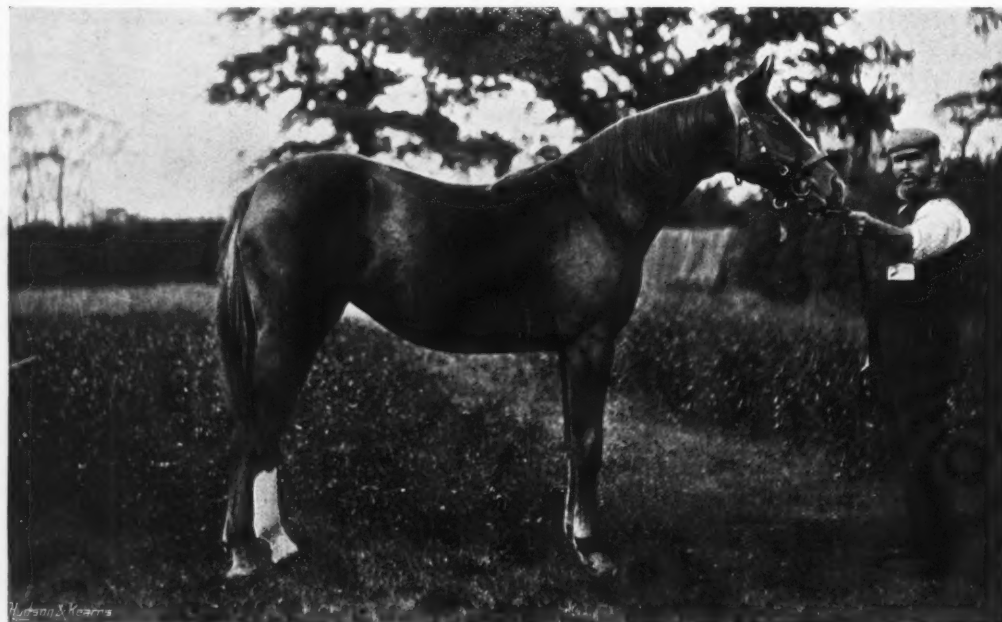
But to go back to the race for the Jockey Club Stakes of last Thursday, Velasquez, Goletta, Airs and Graces, and Chelandry all looked well in the paddock, the last-named being especially improved, but what were any of the other eight compared to Cyllene? That this is an absolutely first-class colt, as I have always maintained that he was, is now as plain as anything can be. What a good-looking one he is, too!—clean, muscular, and bloodlike, without an ounce of lumber, and with the most beautiful action imaginable. That he can go superlatively fast he has shown, that he can stay as well is almost guaranteed by his appearance, action, and breeding. By Bonavista, by Bend Or—Vista (Birdcatcher on Macaroni), out of Arcadia, by Isonomy—Distant Shore (Birdcatcher on Touchstone), he is bred on the lines which seldom or never fail to produce good stayers and great horses.

S. Cloud II., who went to the post in spite of having recently broken a blood-vessel, has grown coarser and more loaded than ever, but he ran fast for a long way. Airs and Graces looked well, and ran well too, and finished fourth, whilst Goletta was going well to the T.V.C. winning-post, but the others were never in the hunt; and Cyllene, galloping clean away from Velasquez and Chelandry up the incline, won in the hollowest style imaginable. Chelandry would have passed Velasquez in another two strides, and her chance in the Cambridgeshire with 8st. 3lb. is not to be despised. It is to be hoped now we have heard the last of Dieudonne being a stayer.

At the same time that I ridiculed the idea of Dieudonne having lost the St. Leger by not being sent to the post, I wrote that in my opinion Batt would have won that race had he been allowed to start, and although his easy victory over Brio and Locarno, in the Twentieth Great Foal Stakes, says nothing either one way or the other, I believe that time will show him to be a much better colt than he has generally had the credit of being. A feature of the meeting was the continued success of the American jockey Sloan, who rode

no fewer than twelve winners during the four days, most of these victories being scored in Lord William Beresford's and Mr. G. Lorillard's always popular colours. Fosco showed what a speedy sprinter he is, when in the humour, by giving a lot of weight, and an easy beating, to Ardeshir and High Treasurer in the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, and Harrow, by Orme—Lady Primrose, easily upset the odds laid on Boniface for the Boscawen Stakes. Taken altogether, with the exception of the Jockey Club Stakes, it was a very poor week's racing, played to a miserably thin "house."

Before these notes will be written again, another Cesarewitch will have been won, and lost, and at the moment of writing the issue seems unusually doubtful. This I say because there are two or three candidates this year of whom we really know too little to form any decided opinion as to their chances. One of these is Survivor, a good horse in Australia, and absolutely chucked in with only 7st. 2lb. On the other hand, he has never yet been tried to stay more than a mile and a-half in public. These Waters mostly stay well, however, and if Survivor goes to the post



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PIONEER—TIBBY FILLY.

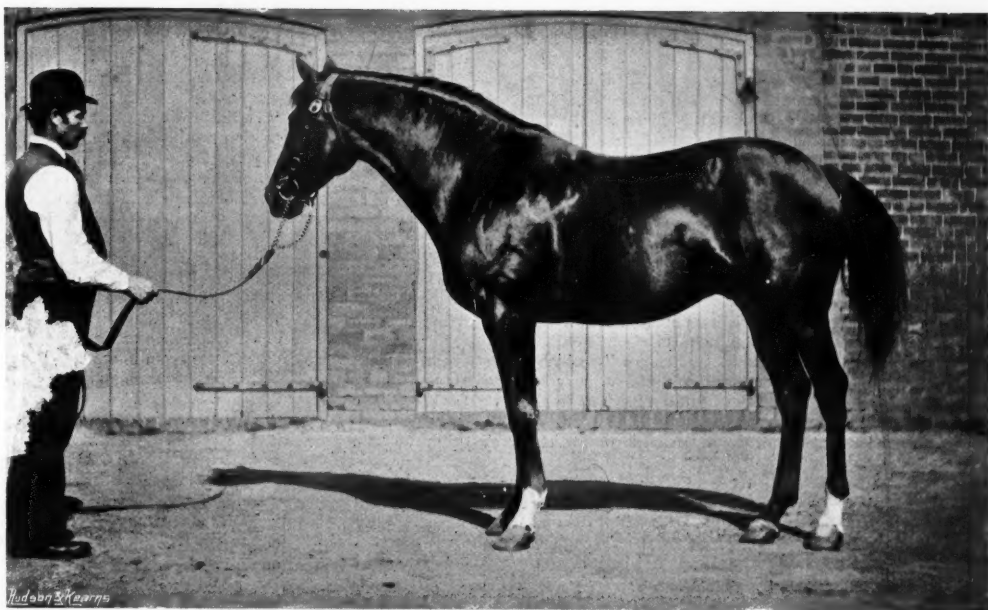
"COUNTRY LIFE."

on Wednesday next, having fully satisfied his trainer on this point, I should not be surprised to see him win easily. No one at Newmarket likes him; but that is nothing against him. The recent drought has been all in favour of such as are sound enough to have been rattled along in spite of the hard ground. One of these is last year's winner, Merman, who will go to the post fit to run for his life, and has been well backed by his owner, though I think he will find 8st. 5lb. a little more than he can quite win with.

Of the others to be noted who have done a good preparation, one is Herminius, on whom his connections are particularly sweet; but he, too, may be slightly overburdened with 8st. 7lb., and personally I prefer Chaleureux, of the same age, with 16lb. less. King Crow, with 8st. 2lb., I have always thought a very well-handicapped candidate, but I believe there is just a suspicion about his well-being at the present moment. Up Guards, as a Chester Cup winner, with only 7st. 7lb., must be dangerous, and I have a sneaking fancy for Asterie with 7st. 3lb. It is useless to make a selection so many days before the event will take place, though, if I had to do so, I think I should pin my faith to Chaleureux, because I know he has done a really good preparation. At the same time I should not be surprised to see Survivor win in a canter. Herminius, Merman, King Crow, Up Guards, and Asterie are so nicely handicapped together that it will probably be a question of which is the fittest as far as they are concerned.

For the Cambridgeshire my original fancy, Uniform, has been suffering from fever, and so cannot have much chance, but both Chelandry and Nun Nicer are doing well. At the moment of writing, however, I fancy that Labrador, with 7st. 5lb., will very nearly win. For the Duke of York Stakes, to be run at Kempton Park on Saturday, I fancy Bridgroom II. (6st. 12lb.), if he will only do his best, although Hawfinch (7st. 3lb.) would win easily if he were fit to run, which it is not likely that he is. There has, however, been very little betting on this race, and the intentions of owners are not well enough known to make it worth while to try and guess the winners till the numbers go up.

OUTPOST.



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ENDURANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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PIONEER.

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THOUGH the woodman with his axe has during the past three centuries made the once almost impenetrable Forest of Arden simply a set of woody remnants, there is still woodiness enough and leafiness enough in Shakespeare's greenwood to afford a pleasant sanctuary for Nature's minstrels—the birds. That was a glorious time for the feathered family when Warwickshire was so leafy and thickly wooded that a squirrel might leap from tree to tree for the whole length of the county. But even now, when necessity has compelled landlords to turn some of their best-grown timber into necessary money, there are woods and "dumbles" and spinnies studding both the woodland and the feldon where any variety of bird can, as the Psalmist says, "lay her young."

As a lover of birds, I am delighted to find that the greenwood which gave birth to the sweetest human poet that ever "warbled his native wood notes wild," also gives birth yearly to some of the sweetest poets in feathers that ever adorned and enlivened the haunts of Nature.

One of the prettiest of these is the goldfinch. This merry little gentleman, the top of the finches, is known in Warwickshire as "the proud tailor," on account of his fine dress and dainty carriage. He is becoming rarer in the greenwood near my home every year, owing to the inroads of the professional bird-catcher from Birmingham, who with lime and net and bag is continually in quest

of him. The provisions of the Wild Birds' Protection Act do not seem of much value to the dandy little proud tailor, who has to pay the full penalty of being beautiful—first by the loss of its eggs and the "lugging" of its nest, and next by the loss of its pretty self, being transported in the bird-catcher's bag from the crab tree in Shakespeare's greenwood to an unknown place in a smoky city.

The many "dumbles," or little woods in hollows, studded over the face of the landscape in this leafy shire, make it a very pleasing country both for the birds and for those who love them. Many of the towns, too, contain so much greenery that it is nothing unusual for some of the shyest of birds, and sometimes the rarest, to build their nests and rear their young in the gardens of villa residences in busy thoroughfares. Perhaps there are few towns where bird life can be seen so prettily and so little under restraint as at Leamington—well named "the Leafy." There is scarcely a street, terrace, circus, square, or road in this fashionable town where the high palatial dwellings are not adorned with trees whose luxuriant foliage affords an harbour in which the feathered families can build their houses.

In the very centre of the town, in that venerable Holly Walk which Dickens utilised in "Dombey and Son" as the scene where Mr. Carker first encountered Edith Granger, there is as fine a colony of rooks as a naturalist might only expect to find much farther from the madding crowd than the close proximity of tramcars, electric lights, and ever bustling people. And the rooks have become acclimatised to the scene. Though it is but a ten minutes' walk from the Holly Walk rookery—and for a rook only a three minutes' fly—to a landscape of field, wood, and water, the birds of this colony have outlived any shyness of which at any time they were the possessors. I have seen a rook fly out of the tree in which its nest was built down into the busy Parade for a piece of bread which it observed there, and dodge the cabs and carriages as cleverly as a lady would on a bicycle. In the middle of the day, too, when their young have grown big enough to see the world at a closer distance

than the top of an elm tree, the old rooks will bring them down to the gravel walk and strut about with people on each side of them, with the most interesting unconcern—doubtless viewing the fashions of Vanity Fair with great delight.

From my observations of the doings of birds it has become clear to me that the law of the oppressor, the law of the stronger against the weaker, is as rigidly obeyed among the feathered folk as the human creation. I will give an instance of this, one that came under my own personal notice.

One day two starlings, in lovely new plumage, were lunching upon a crust lying in the roadway in front of my window. They appeared to be enjoying the repast excellently well, and I wondered at their unwisdom in not taking their "joint" nearer to a more secure place. Suddenly the birds uttered that peculiar cry or rattle in the throat which starlings are accustomed to utter when frightened, left off pecking the crust, and bent their bodies down as if trying to escape some overhead calamity. A rook had been watching them from the chimney-stack of a neighbouring house, and in a shot swooped down upon the dainty morsel, and seizing it in its long beak, bore it away to its own rookery, leaving the two starlings standing aghast at its impudence.

At the east end of "leafy Leamington"—which is so sylvan that the thrush, the "throstle" as the rustic folk call it, may be heard singing in the morning and the nightingale at night in the Jephson Gardens, right in the middle of the town—there is a footpath leading through a landscape of field, wood, and water, to the villages beyond, where the birds of Shakespeare's greenwood can be seen in all the glory of their natural life.

That engaging minstrel, the song-thrush, or throstle, with beautiful breast markings and luminous dark eyes, is one of the first feathered folk to be met with in this, one of the many enchanting scenes of pastoral Warwickshire. He is one of the residents of this greenwood, and stays with us all through the year. In the early morning or late evening he may be seen on the topmost twig of one of the fir trees that flank the western side of the Comyn Farm. His nest is probably in a fork of the bush beneath him, or in one of the stunted apple trees growing in the orchard there. The song-thrush is one of the first birds to build in Shakespeare's greenwood. I have found its nest, well made and ready to receive its eggs, wedged in the knotty part of a blackthorn bush before ever a single leaf has burst its bud, and with the nest exposed to the view of every eye.

Its handsome cousin, the missel-thrush, called in Warwickshire the "hoarse thrush," because, as I apprehend, it has no voice for singing, is often seen dipping its yellow bill in a runnel or standing erect in the pasturage previous to scudding off with a frightened note at the appearance of an intruder. This fine bird is a great ornament to these landscapes, and, when you can get a good look at him, well repays the notice. But the missel-thrush is shy and reserved to human creatures, though at a distance, from a tuft of long grass, it will stand and survey them with a curious and interested eye.

The short musical pipings of the bold "bully," or bullfinch, are now heard with all the charm which a deep solitude gives to a scene beyond the haunts of men. There are two well-grown orchards hard by, one declining towards the willow-fringed Leam, which Hawthorne in "Our Old Home" has called "the laziest little river in the world," lazier even than the Concord of America, and where there are fruit trees with buds there will the bold finch be, performing his acrobatic exercises upon the extreme edge of a slender twig. Like his gayer and more exclusive relation, the goldfinch, the bullfinch is the object of the bird-catcher's assiduous care. His ruby breast, generally attractive appearance, and sweet little song, make him a favourite cage-bird, and he is accordingly much sought after.

The bullfinch is not by any means so rare in the Warwickshire greenwood near my home as the goldfinch, in fact I have seen flocks of them round the Coomb Farm in the early summer; but that is not a sufficient reason for the wholesale capture of this pretty and merry creature, whose only offence is that he has a fondness for tapping the buds of fruit trees. Doubtless the angry farmer who fires small shot at him does infinitely more damage to the tender shoots than the bill of the bullfinch; and any harm "the bully" may do is, I think, amply atoned for by the number of insects he clears from the branches. I do not see the name of the bullfinch in the list of protected birds issued by the Warwickshire County Council, and that, I suppose, is why this smart member of the finch family is made such fair game for the Birmingham bird-catcher.

Owing to its solitary and woody character, many parts of Shakespeare's greenwood become the harbour for some extremely interesting and somewhat rare birds. One of these is the handsome ring-ousel. This fine bird is similar in colour and build to the blackbird, and is adorned with a beautiful white ring encircling the neck down towards the breast. So shy are these birds that it is very difficult to obtain even a passing look at them. They build their nest in a ditch in very isolated places, deep down in the tangle. You may occasionally startle a sitting bird from its eggs, as I have done from a ditch on the north-east side of the Red House Farm, with the result that a quivering motion will be seen to effect the blades of grass as the ring-ousel skims through them with a "cuck-cuck-oo-oo-oo" issuing from its throat in a softer key than the startling scream of its larger congeners, the blackbird and missel-thrush.

On the hill south of the ditch in which I have found the ring-ousel's nest more than one year, and where, I fancy, it builds every year, there is usually a good crop of oats, and from there comes all day long the plaintive cry of the landrail. This bird is called "a cornerake" in Warwickshire, and its rail is sometimes heard in the fields unusually early. I have myself heard its cry from the bottom of the green wheat when the blades have been scarcely a foot high.

Few birds are so reserved as the landrail. It shuns publicity, and only upon rare occasions can it be even seen, though by its note of mournfulness it is known to be nigh at hand. One day when quietly angling in the brook which winds round the western side of Offchurch Bury, and near to the well-known woodlet, "The Runghills," where the stock of fur and feather is sufficient to delight the heart of the most exacting naturalist, a landrail, whose crane had all morning enlivened the silent air, walked right out from the bottom of the green wheat on to the bank of the brook, when, seeing me, it immediately turned tail and dived into the wheat again with a more agitated note. It is thus very difficult to get a really good look at this landrailing bird, and being extremely fleet of foot, it can cover a considerable space of ground in no time if it thinks it is being pursued. The young landrails present a rather unwieldy appearance with their long necks and hasty gait.

This well-known denizen of Shakespeare's greenwood is one of the few birds who can be fitly called the companions of the rustic. The labourer who is hoeing the rising corn, or the woman who is gathering couch-weed or charlock, have always the landrail to keep them company; and if its note has not much joy in it, being indeed rather the reverse of cheerful, there is always the melodious and joyful song of the skylark to cheer them on their way up and down the furrows.

The lark family—the skylark, the woodlark, and the titlark—are all plentiful in "leafy Warwickshire," but the skylark with speckled breast and ravishing song is the favourite of them all. Himself a great singer, Shakespeare had evidently a strong affection for the song-lark, as he speaks of this bird so many times. In that beautiful lyric in "Cymbeline," act 2, scene 3, beginning "Hark, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings," the poet clearly shows the rapture with which he had watched in his own greenwood the melodious airy flight of this poet in feathers. In Warwickshire, the first bird to rise is certainly the skylark; for when other dwellers in the greenwood are hanging like so many fluffy balls upon the leafy twigs, the skylark is enskied over the ploughman's head, singing his matin song to the sun and putting the peasant in good heart for his day's labour.

Apart from its great gift of song, for which it is chiefly noted, the skylark has a wonderful strength of pinion. With dauntless courage the lark will mount through the most tempestuous wind if only the morning be bright. I have watched this gallant little bird being beaten down again and again by the force of the tempest and scattered in a wide sweep from the place of his first ascent, only to rise again in a minute or two afterwards and battle with the gusts, until he has reached such an altitude as to look no bigger than a gnat to the eyes of the watcher below.

Another constant companion of the field worker in Shakespeare's greenwood is the lapwing. No field of turnips or green grain in Warwickshire is complete without the presence of this long-winged lapping-flighted bird, whose tireless cry of "pee-wit, pee-wit" is a certain sort of company to the peasant in isolated quarters. Lapwings have a heavy and swooping flight, and when a flock of them are seen wheeling low over the ground, with their light under-feathers and back-tipped wings, they present a curious and interesting picture. They have, too, a peculiar downward darting movement, as if they were about to attack the lonely peasant who may happen to be cutting thistles in the neighbourhood of their nests.

In some of the sequestered pastures in these manless landscapes, I know of nothing more strange and weird than the sudden cry of "pee-wit, pee-wit," as the bird laps from her nest and wheels upward round your head in ever-widening circles, and then darts down again in anxiety for the well-coming of her eggs or young.

That famous augur, the magpie, in beautiful plumage and lively spirits, is frequently to be seen on a summer's day among the fleecy flocks lying in the long meadow on the north-east of the Red House Farm, in quest of insects. The sheep by long habit have come to know the magpie and perhaps to appreciate him for the kind office he performs for them in relieving them of the numerous flies and other "small deer" that torment them; for they seldom rise, though the bird busies himself about them, and chatters with no appearance of restraint.

This bird is a seer to the peasant of Shakespeare's greenwood, and this, I suppose, because magpies are so rarely seen in groups. One magpie, which in the superstitious calendar of the rustic means sorrow for those who see it, is naturally seen more often than three, which is supposed to indicate a wedding; hence the forebodings of country-folk in regard to the seeing of magpies, whether in a single or other numbers.

The magpie is not an unsocial bird, as some of the denizens of this greenwood are. He is, indeed, rather fond of company—if there is anything to be obtained thereby. One morning I saw a group of small birds, consisting of hedge and tree sparrows, yellow-hammers, and piefinches, rejoicing over the discovery of a small piece of meat found in a paddock near a thatched barn. The meat was too cumbersome for any of the small folk to fly away with, and so they hopped round it, and each one had a peck, seemingly in its turn. In a few minutes a young magpie came down from a neighbouring tree in which its nest was built, and like an invited guest took its place among the smaller birds beside it, having, with the rest, its peck at the piece of meat and chattering gaily to its companions on each side of it—telling them, doubtless, how much obliged it was for their invitation.

The humour in this picture of the single magpie sitting in that circle of birds, the biggest of which, itself excepted, was the yellow-hammer, may be readily imagined, and convinces me that the magpie must not be considered as an unsocial member of the feathered folk.

If the magpie is a bit of a thief, and I am afraid the charge is only too well founded, he himself is often made the prey of the predatory instincts of the carrion crow. This can be seen to advantage in building time, ere the elms and oaks of Shakespeare's greenwood are in full leaf. Should you chance to see a pair of magpies making their nest in the, as yet, bare forks of a wych-elm, you may probably soon observe a pair of carrion crows settle in the same tree and hop down to the platform of newly-laid twigs. The magpies may protest, but in the knowledge of superior strength and power, the crows make light of the protest. A few flaps of the wings, a sharp dig or two with the sword-like beak, and the crows are masters of the situation. One by one they lift the twigs and bear them away for use in their own nest, and the poor magpies sit in silence and melancholy, watching their own labour brought to nought.

It is strange that this indolent, cuckoo-like characteristic, this gathering of another's labour, so observable in the human race, should animate the birds of the air, when there is so much material for nests lying about for any and every bird to gather.

Something of the weirdness of the raven seems to exist in the crow, the rook, and the jackdaw. One might call the carrion crows lazy who rob the magpies of the sticks with which they have begun to build their nest. In reality they are not lazy, but full of a spiteful roguery, for it is really a fact that crows and other carnivorous birds will carry twigs which they have stolen from the nests of other birds for a very considerable distance, when twigs equally as good are lying immediately beneath their own home.

I was very much amused this spring by the operations of a pair of jackdaws, who had fixed their place for nesting in the eave of a church. The edifice is situated quite on the skirts of the greenwood, and the daws need have flown no further than down to the ground to have obtained all the material they required for their nest. Instead of which I saw them fly clean out of sight into the eastern woodland, and come back, after a considerable lapse of time, jadedly and heavily ploughing through the air, each with a good-sized twig in its mouth. They had doubtless been fetching their sticks from some place known to them far in the heart of Shakespeare's greenwood "Under the shade of melancholy boughs." There is no better place than the green pastures of Warwickshire in which to see the rooks and jackdaws "at school." In many of the "basins" to be found over the face of this charming country I have surprised these familiar birds seated in circles with two or three in the middle, and can say that nothing more like a real school has ever come under my notice in this most famous of woodlands.

GEORGE MORLEY.